

75 CENTS

FEBRUARY 17, 1975

# TIM

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UNEMPLOYMENT UPROAR

Inside:



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Henry  
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Scoop  
Out  
Front

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Regular: 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine
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Regular: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine
COHIBA
Regular: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
DUANE REEDS
Regular: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
DUANE REEDS
Regular: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
DUANE REEDS
Menthol: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
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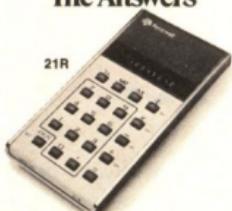
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## CINEMA

### Dead Center

IN CELEBRATION

Directed by LINDSAY ANDERSON  
Screenplay by DAVID STOREY

This was David Storey's second play, written before he had fully found and measured his silences. Only Pinter can make the unspoken as eloquent as Storey, can round an intimation into a metaphor, a nuance into a theme. Storey's plays make strange music, strike notes that reverberate just on the edge of consciousness.

In *Celebration* concerns the 40th wedding anniversary of the Shaws, and their three sons who return home to make an occasion of it. Mr. Shaw (Bill Owen) has a weak heart from working in the coal mines of Northern England. Mrs. Shaw (Constance Chapman), dotted on and fussed over, defers to her husband but remains an enigmatic center of her troubled household. The three sons are creatures of compromise and uncertainty. Andrew, the eldest (Alan Bates), has forsaken a legal career to paint geometric canvases. His flattery and good will always carry an edge of irony that barely conceals a fearful rage. Out of the urgencies of inner demons, he proposes a familial "vengeance," in which he wants to enlist the brothers. Colin (James Bolam) is a glib expert in "industrial relations." Steven, the youngest (Brian Cox), is fighting unsuccessfully to finish a novel. He expresses himself in tentative gestures and terse sentences. Yet it is he who manages to put the crucial point to Andrew: "Exactly what kind of vengeance did you have in mind?"

There can be no reprisals among the Shaws because no wound can be located; there is only an ache, a feeling of deadness at the center. Indeed, Mrs. Shaw does seem, for Storey, somehow the source of all the frustration and unchanneled fury. What finally makes *In Celebration* subordinate to such later works as *Home* and *The Contractor* is that Mrs. Shaw remains as remote from us as she does from her family. Storey cannot bring us near enough to see or understand the failures of the past. The film gives the sense of the revelation of a scar. This impression is reinforced by Director Lindsay Anderson's remark that for Storey, "the circumstances of the piece are extremely personal." Storey's father is a coal miner in the north of England. Like Steven, Storey has written novels and like Andrew, has also tried his hand at painting.

Under Anderson's direction, the movie gathers enormous force, partly from the raw skill of its actors, partly from the accumulating tension of frustration. Anderson has tried to turn the play's deepest flaw to its own advan-



BATES, BOLAM & COX IN CELEBRATION

tage. In *Celebration* has power from energy that is never released. Anderson's skill cannot make the play any more complete or successful, but it does make it happen superbly well.

Anderson and Storey have wisely chosen not to open up the original play for this screen adaptation. Virtually all the action still occurs in a single room. This feeling of confinement becomes a crucial stylistic element. The cast, intact from the original Royal Court production, is exemplary. Besides the pleasures of discovering unfamiliar talent—the cast works largely in British theater and television—it is fine to watch Alan Bates' shrewd, divisive Andrew.

In *Celebration*, more modest than Anderson's recent movie work (*If, O Lucky Man*), still makes an exceptionally intelligent film. It is also part of the American Film Theater's second season, a fact worth noting because *In Celebration* is ideally what the A.F.T. should be up to: committing to permanent record on film the best possible productions of plays that for American audiences might otherwise remain titles in the bibliographies of major writers.

■ Jay Cocks

### Down the Block

THE NICKEL RIDE

Directed by ROBERT MULLIGAN  
Screenplay by ERIC ROTH

Everyone on the street calls Cooper the "key man" because he carries a great many around on a large ring and because he seems to be at the very center of all the action. His is, in any case, a poor fiefdom, a small hunk of downtown territory in an unnamed city that is clearly Los Angeles. Cooper holds court in bars, keeps a small, dusty office in

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### CINEMA

which even the sunlight is encrusted. He is a fixer and a mover: he puts up bail bond, regulates the steady flow of petty crime in the neighborhood. Cooper also has eyes to expand his holdings on behalf of some higher-ups and take over a whole block of abandoned warehouses, where hijacked goods can be left to cool.

The movie catches very well the bustling claustrophobia of small-time crime. Cooper, his underlings, even the representatives of the higher echelons, all look like creatures in an ant farm, moving fast, even over the bodies of others, constructing and rebuilding a closed world. There is always danger of betrayal in this life. Cooper has mastered enough subtleties of street intrigue to start feeling threatened by them. The deal for the warehouse block is not going well. He knows that his future and probably his life depend on what is termed "the successful completion of negotiations."

**Right Tone.** The people above Cooper all talk in phrases like that, in a sort of euphemistic, expense-account patois that manages to be placating and threatening at the same time. Screenwriter Roth's dialogue has just the right tone of misdirected menace, although what service it performs remains rather unclear. Director Robert Mulligan (*To Kill a Mockingbird*, *Summer of '42*) creates a muffled texture of perennial dusk, and stages some fine set pieces (like a good-humored birthday party that the street citizens give Cooper). But, like Roth, he mistakes obliquity for essence. *The Nickel Ride* is a film of well-turned surfaces whose terse and moody lines dress up, but do not disguise, a shady frame. This is after all another installment in that sadly ongoing saga of contemporary man fighting to stay alive in a world he helped make but no longer can quite control. Cooper carries a lot of keys to doors that have stopped open-



MILLER IN *NICKEL RIDE*  
Gouged by melancholy.



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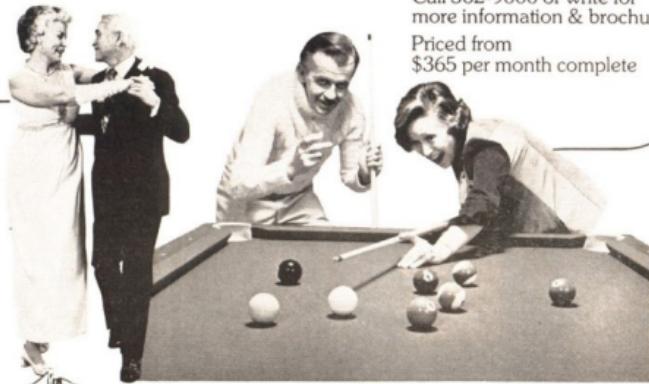
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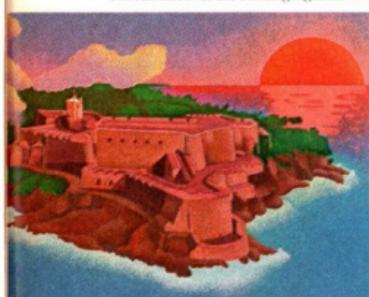
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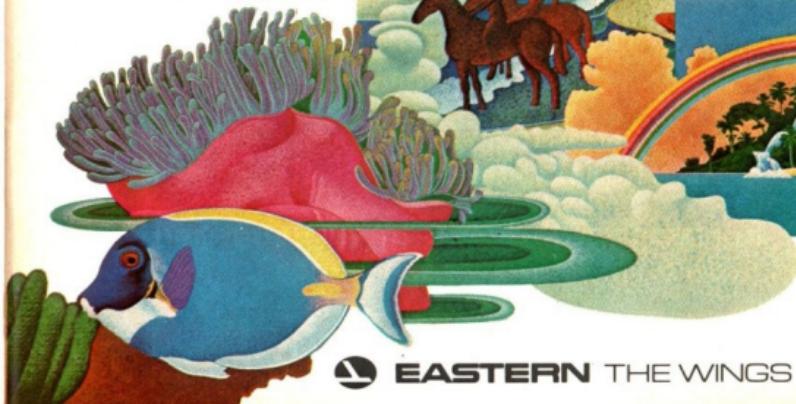
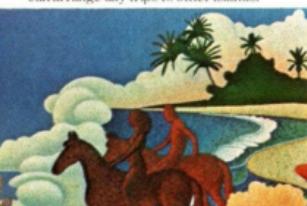
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ing. Mulligan and Roth make a great show of unlocking doors that have been ajar for a long time.

Jason Miller stars as Cooper, and that is not a great deal of help. Miller's face is gouged by deep melancholy, but his hands wave about with abandon. He will begin to describe an elaborate gesture, then pull his hand in close to his body. The effect is that of a man who has hailed a cab and then decided to walk home.

• J.C.

## Jewish Princess

SHEILA LEVINE IS DEAD AND

LIVING IN NEW YORK

Directed by SIDNEY J. FURIE

Screenplay by KENNY SOLMS

and GAIL PARENT

This movie asks the question: "Why do you suppose we pick the people we pick to love?" A character actually comes out and says that—rhetorically, to be sure, but without shame. As the question hangs in the air, like a cartoon balloon chiseled out of concrete, it raises another, more interesting point: Why do people make movies that ask questions like this?

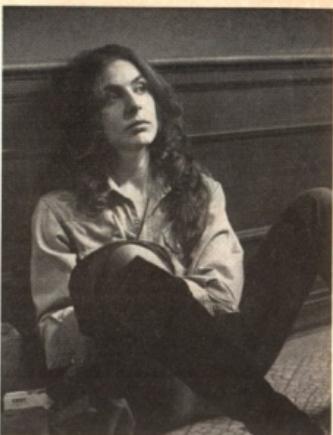
*Sheila Levine* is based on a novel (written by Co-Scenarist Gail Parent) that sold fittingly few hard-cover copies. With the benefit of massive promotion, the paperback hit big, so perhaps

the film makers thought they had a good thing. To make it better, they cast Jeanne Berlin (the scorned wife in *The Heartbreak Kid*) as the eponymous heroine. Sheila is fresh out of college, a Jewish princess from Harrisburg, Pa., who gets her heart broken in the big city. She falls hard for a doctor (mother will be pleased) who treats her casually (mother will be irked) and brushes her aside (mother will be furious). The doctor (Roy Scheider) takes up with Sheila's slovenly roommate (Rebecca Diana Smith), who calls herself an actress but turns out to be . . . well, you can imagine. Mother would not be surprised.

**Cinch Romance.** Cow-eyed, clumsy, relentlessly but unknowingly masochistic, Mrs. Levine's little girl yearns for the doctor despite his manifest lack of interest. Well, he is not quite remote. He often looks affectionately at Sheila while waiting around for the roommate to get dressed. This gets Sheila crazy. Finally, the doctor bares his sensitive soul: it seems that a girl looked at him and said "Yuck" when he tried to claim a spin-the-bottle reward at the age of 10. After that confession, the romance is a cinch. He kisses off the roommate, and approaches Sheila humbly and lovingly, like the good, lost little boy she always hoped he was.

Jeanne Berlin, Elaine May's daughter, is clearly talented, but she cannot continue playing the kind of girl who

## CINEMA



BERLIN IN SHEILA LEVINE  
Mom will be irked.

feels incomplete without a shopping bag. She is indulged in every frame by feckless Director Sidney J. Furie (*Lady Sings the Blues*), who lets her work without restraint. Such freedom is always the result either of the film maker's rapture or loathing, but in this case it is impossible to tell which. Berlin goes through awkward, putatively comic body movements, as if trying to cry on her own shoulder.

• J.C.

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
Feb. 17, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 7

## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Gresham's Lawlessness

The American Indians are winning some battles with the white man these days, and while at first glance that might seem only a just historical retribution, the rule of law is suffering in the process. The latest incident took place last week near Gresham, Wis. There the nearly two-month-old occupation of a 64-room, 237-acre Catholic novitiate by a band of Menominee Indians ended with an agreement by its owner, the Alexian Brothers Order, to yield its property to the Indians.

Though the Alexians acted out of a commendable desire to avoid possible bloodshed, the precedent was not a happy one. At the time its property was invaded, the order was in the final stages of negotiating an agreement to lease the abbey to another group of Indians. The Menominee hotheads who simply moved in were in fact initially condemned by their tribal elders. But in the end revolutionary rhetoric and the blackmail of violence prevailed, and the

Menominees will get the abbey for a nominal \$1 plus a vaguely worded pledge to give the brothers "fair reimbursement" for the property. The price of compassion in this instance will be to encourage any group in U.S. society with real or fancied grievances to take the law into their own hands.

#### Will the Real Stuart Stand Up?

Since 1800, the full-length portrait of George Washington that hangs in the East Room of the White House has been viewed with suitable awe by hundreds of thousands of guests and tourists. In 1814 the picture became part of the American legend when it was removed by the doughty Dolley Madison just before the British arrived to burn the place down. What is more, the painting is by that greatest of American portraitors, Gilbert Stuart.

Or is it? Marvin Sadik, director of the National Portrait Gallery, thinks not. Sadik argues that the painting was actually by William Winstanley, an English artist who copied, as best he could, one of Stuart's works. In rebuttal, Clement Conger, curator of the White House, claims that the painting is an original Stuart and produces the original bill of sale as proof: "One portrait full length of the late Genl. Washington by Stewart with frame." (No one knows for sure who made out the document—and misspelled Stuart's name.)

Conger has neither the money nor the desire to undertake the technical studies that might prove whether or not the painting really is Stuart's. Says he: "It is certainly the most important historical portrait in the Western Hemisphere. Every schoolchild knows it. And, quite frankly, it doesn't matter whether it was literally painted by Gilbert Stuart himself."

#### Cents and Sensibility

In these times, the situation was not unusual. The Suburban Bank of Norristown, Pa., found that 10% of its customers who had taken out loans were unable to make their payments. Nor was it surprising that the bank discovered that nearly 75% of those who were behind in their payments were out of work. What was surprising was what the bank did about the problem.

Loan Manager Noreen Lawless got together a list of unfilled menial jobs and began calling up her delinquent clients to offer them work. She had a lot of trouble making people believe her. "They



AUTO WORKERS PICKETING IN WASHINGTON

thought it was some kind of gimmick," she says. "They never had a bank offer to help them out before."

In the past few weeks, the bank has found full- or part-time work for about 30 of its customers. Not only is the bank earning dividends of good will that should be invaluable in the future, but the delinquency rate on the loans has begun to decline.

#### Guess Who?

The face is vaguely familiar, but the name... the name? "Do you know me?" he asks as the TV commercial begins. "I ran for Vice President of the U.S. in '64." Of course, it's—er—what's-his-name, the guy that was clobbered with Goldwater. The pleasant man on-screen rambles on: "I shouldn't have trouble charging a meal, should I? Well, I do." Then comes the spiel: "That's why I carry an American Express card." Not until the end of the bit does a computer crack out the name of the mystery man: William E. Miller.

The former U.S. Congressman and Goldwater running mate, who disappeared into obscurity and Lockport, N.Y., after the 1964 G.O.P. debacle, was picked by American Express as a logical pitchman for its new advertising campaign. The theme: "American Express tells them who you are."

Miller's example sets the imagination to work matching other voices, other tunes. John Mitchell, in serape and sombrero, selling enchiladas—big enchiladas. John Dean promoting a memory course. Maurice Stans a detergent. Or even: "My fellow Americans, tonight I want to tell you about a revolutionary new sound-recording system for your homes . . ."

THE WASHINGTON PORTRAIT IN QUESTION





LINING UP TO RECEIVE UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS IN ATLANTA

#### THE RECESSION

## The Growing Specter of Unemployment

The U.S. was built on the work ethic, and for all the evolution in life-styles, the first identification for most Americans remains what they do, the job they hold. There are many monetary cushions, from unemployment insurance to food stamps, to aid the jobless in today's economy, but there is no balm for the sense of anomie and loss felt by an able man or woman whose skills are no longer wanted anywhere. The memory cells of the nation are still etched with the widespread corrosion of self-confidence that occurred in the Great Depression, and last week's startling disclosure that unemployment reached 8.2% of the American work force in January stirred many memories uneasily. Some 7,529,000 Americans who wanted to work were jobless last month, the highest percentage of the work force since 1941. Tens of thousands more will surely be joining them in the months ahead.

No segment of the nation was immune, though some, such as teen-agers (at 20.8% unemployed and nonwhite at 13.4%), were hurt far more than others (see chart next page). For President Gerald Ford, whose ambitious economic program was already in jeopardy, the impact of the new unemployment figures was little short of devastating.

**First Concern.** Since last August, the month that he took office, the number of people out of work has increased more rapidly than in any other five-month period on record. It seemed hardly credible that only 15 months ago the unemployment rate stood at a reason-

ably tolerable 4.6%. The news that it had cracked 8%, and added a few points for good measure, was enough to stir yet another political uproar and add fierceness to the battle already being waged over Ford's first budget. Senator Edward Kennedy was quick to call the figures "shocking new evidence of the total bankruptcy of the Ford Administration's economic policy." Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott shared the clear unease of Republicans when he declared: "We are going to do something about it. That's really the first order of concern."

The unemployment statistics climaxed a week of dismal economic news. In his budget message to Congress (see ECONOMY & BUSINESS), President Ford revealed that high rates of inflation and unemployment would last well into 1976, when he plans to run for election. Prices, he acknowledged, would still be rising more than 7% a year, and the jobless rate would still hover around 7%. The figures jolted both parties. Senator Hubert Humphrey found it "unbelievable" that Ford could propose record deficits and not "put America back to work." Calling political prospects "pretty scary," G.O.P. Senator Robert Dole, who barely won re-election in Kansas last fall amid the general debacle for the G.O.P., commented wryly: "It may turn out that 1974 was the good year for a Republican to be on the ballot."

In what was probably the first of many labor rallies to come in the nation's capital, some 10,000 unemployed auto workers, mainly from the Midwest,

traveled to Washington on chartered buses. In the National Guard armory, they cheered wildly when Leonard Woodcock, president of the United Auto Workers, roared into the microphone: "What the hell is going on?" Unless relief was fast in coming, he promised, he will bring 200,000 unemployed workers into Washington in the spring.

**Bad News.** The surge of bad news prodded Congress into acting faster on the economy. With little wrangling, the House Ways and Means Committee spent the week preparing a bill that provides for a total tax cut of \$20.2 billion —\$4.2 billion more than Ford had sought. The House measure gives greater tax breaks to lower-income groups than the President had proposed. While Ford had asked for a 12% rebate on 1974 taxes, with a ceiling of \$1,000 per individual, the committee called for a 10% rebate with a maximum return of \$200. Ways and Means approved a permanent cut in personal income taxes by increasing the minimum standard deduction, or low-income allowance, from \$1,300 to \$1,900 for single persons and to \$2,500 for couples filing jointly. Along with the \$750 personal exemption, the new minimums eliminate federal taxes for almost everybody below the official poverty line of \$4,540 for a nonfarm family of four. In addition, the maximum standard deduction was raised to \$2,500 for individuals and \$3,000 for couples, and a 5% refundable tax credit was provided for low-income individuals.

The committee also approved an in-

## THE NATION

crease in the business-investment tax credit, from 4% to 10% for utilities and from 7% to 10% for other industries. The President had requested a hike to 12%. It also lowered the corporate income tax by applying the 22% tax rate to the first \$50,000 of profits, instead of only the first \$25,000. Intended mainly to give relief to small businesses, this tax cut will return a maximum of \$6,500 to a single corporation.

In its concern over unemployment, Congress was prepared to brush aside Ford's objections to an even larger federal deficit. Spending programs began to be cracked up. A bipartisan group of ten Senators, including Hugh Scott, introduced a bill to expand public service employment by 1 million jobs, at an annual cost of about \$7.8 billion. In a joint statement, two of the cosponsors, G.O.P. Senator Jacob Javits and Democrat Harrison Williams, declared: "The nation is moving at alarming speed toward Depression-like levels of unemployment in terms of absolute numbers—the truly human measure." By that they mean that given the much larger U.S. population today, the number of individual

Americans out of work could reach the 12,830,000 unemployed at the pit of the Great Depression.

By 374 to 38, the House voted to prevent an increase in the cost of food stamps for the poor—a change in regulations urged by Ford that would have saved the Government \$650 million a year. Then the Senate passed the same bill by a lopsided vote of 76 to 8. The cost of the controversial program has zoomed from about half a billion in 1970 to a projected \$4 billion in 1975. But neither Democrats nor most Republicans were in a mood to raise the price of food for the underprivileged and unemployed in a recession year.

With the economy in more precarious shape than ever, the urgency of the President's energy policy was receding. Upon reflection, many members of Congress, as well as many economists, considered that it made no sense to contribute to the nation's chronic inflation by prodding up the cost of oil in an effort to reduce consumption. The House made swift work of Ford's first-stage \$1-per-bbl. increase in the tariff on imported oil, voting 309 to 114 to suspend the increase for 90 days. The overwhelming year vote in the House is bound to influence the outcome in the Senate. There are enough votes to pass the bill, but it is less certain whether there are enough to override a presidential veto.

**Full Stomach.** The President fared little better with the public than he did with Congress. He and top aides spent two days in Atlanta, the first of several scheduled visits to parts of the country to promote the economic and energy programs. There was little personal animosity toward the President but plenty of objections to his policies. His aides tried to reassure an audience ranging from representatives of the Chamber of Commerce to the National Organization for Women. But the Southerners were less interested in macroeconomics than the microeconomics of their own daily lives. Felker Ward Jr., a black lawyer from Atlanta, told Economic Aide L. William Seidman: "I haven't heard anything that reflects an awareness about the impact of your decisions on individuals." A black woman joined the attack: "To be happy, you've got to have a full stomach. You can't enjoy this democracy if you're hungry." With no comfort to offer, Seidman threw up his hands in exasperation.

Reeling from the onslaught of criticism, the White House did its best to prop up its battered policies. Ford announced that he would nominate Harvard Economist and labor expert John T. Dunlop, one-time director of the Cost of Living Council, to succeed the ineffectual Peter Brennan as Secretary of Labor. Staffers revealed that the statistics in Ford's economic projections were perhaps a little gloomier than they need to have been. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers and renowned for a nubly can-

HERBLOCK

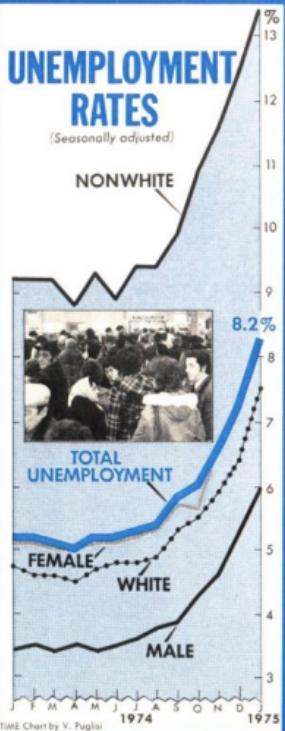


"But a while ago you were complaining that I wasn't doing anything."

dor, is more optimistic than his statistics would suggest; moreover, he insisted that Ford's policies are not "frozen and unalterable." If conditions change, so will the policies.

Ford's own future was shaken by the precipitously declining economy. The latest Harris poll shows a 10% drop in the public approval of Ford. Now 60% of the American people feel that he is not performing well in office. There are ominous rumblings of rebellion in Republican ranks. Lyn Nofziger, a political consultant who has worked for Ronald Reagan, thinks that the former Governor's chances for the G.O.P. presidential nomination will be "vastly improved" if Ford's forecast is "anywhere near right." On the strength of his performance on the televised Watergate hearings, Tennessee Senator Howard Baker has said that he may enter the presidential primaries, no matter what happens to the economy or Ford.

**Will Run.** But Ford let it be known that he would hardly surrender his office without a fight. In the past he has suggested that his decision to run for election would depend on the condition of the economy. But that condition was waived when Nessen offered a clarification. "Somehow the word has gotten around that if the economy is good, he will run, but if the economy is bad, he won't run. That isn't true." Would he then run regardless of the shape of the economy? "That's exactly right." Confronted like no President before him with the twin demons of inflation and recession, and lacking the support of a popular mandate, Ford has maintained his civility and self-assurance under sustained fire. Those qualities, along with his resourcefulness, will be tested to the utmost in the grim months ahead.



## Scoop Jackson: Running Hard Uphill

The scene is the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, where 1,100 people have gathered for dinner. Many of the women are dressed in long gowns. The men are in dinner jackets and patent-leather pumps. It is a merry, excited, optimistic crowd. In the center, sitting at a table on a round, raised platform is a rather penguinsque, stolid son of Norwegian immigrants, Henry Martin (Scoop) Jackson. It is difficult to conjure up a truly merry Senator Jackson, but as he smiles and nods to well-wishers, he is obviously pleased this evening, happy in his work, which is running flat-out for the presidency of the U.S.

Many prominent California Jewish philanthropists and political angels are present at the dinner, Jan. 26. But lesser-known and less wealthy people are there as well. Most paid at least \$250 into his campaign war chest for the privilege of attending—one reason why he beams so happily. But he looks well in any case. He has lost 12 lbs. and fully recovered from two operations late last year—one to remove a kidney stone, the other to correct a drooping left eyelid. At 62, he looks perhaps 15 years younger.

**Off the Cuff.** The audience belongs to him, heart, brain and pocketbook. But Jackson's speech—as usual, delivered off the cuff—is for the most part flat and dull. He dwells on the energy crisis, pushing out statistics like a bookkeeper. He lectures, informs, but does not inspire until the last part of the speech, when he talks of international human rights. "I want to see a clear movement of people and ideas across international boundaries," he says, "and,

may I say, not just machinery and wheat."

The audience frequently interrupts Jackson with applause, but it is polite applause, not the huzzahs of which American political dreams are made. Afterward, a man in a brocade dinner jacket observes: "A great evening, just a great evening." But the pros in Jackson's entourage know better. They are unhappy with most of the speech, know that it lacked fire and vision, that Jackson should have had this audience standing on the tables. After dinner, a Los Angeles businessman approaches two of Jackson's aides and says: "I know he's a great man, and I'm going to support him no matter what. But that speech! I want to make a deal. I want to buy you a video-tape machine for Scoop to use when he's speaking. He can look at himself and see what he looks like to others." The offer is accepted.

Actually, professional camera crews had been filming nearly every facet of the dinner for use in Jackson's unusual, slickly contrived announcement last week of his candidacy for the presidency. The five-minute documentary, created for Jackson by Producer David Wolper at a total cost of \$30,000 (including air time on the CBS network), opened with the candidate rising from his table at the Century Plaza to the applause of the guests and beginning his speech to them. The scene set an affective *cinéma vérité* tone for the filmed highlights of Jackson's career that followed.

Dinner and documentary were vivid examples of the meticulous planning

that Jackson is bringing to his challenge for the 1976 Democratic nomination. Thirteen months before the first primary election, 17 months before the party's national convention, it seemed an almost indecently early march on 1976 and an undue claim on the attention and patience of the electorate. Jackson's reply to such criticism, offered in a Washington press conference the following day: "The 1976 presidential campaign really began the minute this nation was given its first appointed President and Vice President; this nation has a critical agenda that cannot wait until November 1976 to get started." He might have gone on to add what every politician knows: that unless the economy improves sharply in the next 21 months, almost any Democrat who gets his party's nomination will require a kind of perverse genius to lose. The far more difficult task will be to capture the Democratic nomination. Given the stakes for the nation, Jackson may well be right in declaring that the contest—and the scrutiny—are beginning not a moment too soon.

**Acute Shortage.** Another reason why Jackson's announcement, which otherwise could have been the ho-hum event of the year, drew so much early attention is that the Democratic Party seems to be facing its great presidential opportunity with an acute shortage of convincing leaders. So far, three others have formally entered the race, and at least one more will declare next week (see box page 20). But Jackson has put together a combination of skilled organization, nationwide support and, most

JACKSON & WIFE HELEN IN THEIR WASHINGTON HOME WATCHING HIS PRE-TAPED ANNOUNCEMENT ON TELEVISION





PLAYING SOFTBALL IN 1954 WITH JOHN KENNEDY & MIKE MANSFIELD; WITH A MISSILE MODEL (1958)

A penguinsque figure and a style best described as *pedantic populism*.

important, nearly \$1.5 million in cash that makes him, if not quite the front runner in a race as yet too formless to have one, at least the Democrat with the mostest at the moment.

It will be an uphill run for him because, as Communist James A. Wechsler observed, all too often Jackson "seems to personify what Aldous Huxley once called the 'insistent bore.'" The only flaw in his televised announcement was that eventually the documentary had to stop and Jackson had to look directly into the camera's eye and speak for himself. Oddly, he never quite made eye contact, and the speech was pure Jackson, a style best described as *pedantic populism*. Still, for a colorless man, Jackson evokes a surprising amount of hostility from many people, particularly liberal supporters of Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and George McGovern in 1972, who feel that he embodies a rare combination: both dullness and danger. Many Democrats believe that he will never be able to convert the liberals and as a result will lose the nomination.

**Broken Barrier.** Despite 34 years in Congress, Jackson until recently was well known only in his home state of Washington, the nation's capital and among politically savvy groups, including lobbyists for the oil and aerospace industries and Jewish organizations. Most Americans had no idea who he was, let alone what he stood for, even though he ran for the Democratic nomination in 1972 and finished second in the convention balloting to McGovern. But in the past year or so, Jackson has broken through the national-recognition barrier. Several recent polls show that well over half of the American public now at least know who Jackson is, and the proportion is rapidly rising.

He is still notably opaque for a man in public life. The private personality behind the long face, doleful eyes and resonant voice is known only to his family



## THE NATION

cloakroom persuasion. His range is indicated by two pieces of legislation that he considers to be major achievements: 1) an act creating a comprehensive federal policy on environmental protection, and 2) an amendment directing that future arms agreements with Russia do not leave the U.S. with inferior numbers of weapons. Critics point out that numbers alone are largely meaningless, but this hardly bothers Jackson.

As his presidential ambitions grew, so did Jackson's eagerness to make headlines by launching probes by his Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, which sometimes turned out to be mostly ballyhoo and bluster. During an investigation of crime on Wall Street, he was much embarrassed by trumpeting a shady

witness's wild charge, backed up by no evidence, that Elliott Roosevelt, son of President Franklin Roosevelt, had plotted the assassination of Prime Minister Lyndon O. Pindling of the Bahamas. Last year he recklessly called executives of the major oil companies before the subcommittee and harshly accused them of jacking up prices and making extortionate profits from the energy crisis. The oilmen argued that the high earnings were for only one year, came after several years of modest profits, and were largely from big sales overseas. At one point, Exxon Vice President Roy A. Baze could not recall the size of his company's 1972 dividends. Jackson angrily threatened "to start slapping subpoenas on some of you," and then telephoned a stockbroker and announced that the dividends had been \$3.80 a share.

To prepare for the campaign, Jackson has been polishing his policy positions, some of which he is carefully modifying to appeal to a broader spectrum of Democrats without violating his long-held principles. Among his views:

**THE ECONOMY.** The recession gives an extraordinary opportunity to any Democrat who can produce a convincing alternative to Ford's program. Jackson has always believed that the power of the Government is the most effective way to bring order to the marketplace (see interview page 19). Among other things, he has proposed setting a national goal of 2.6 million housing starts a year, including 2 million federally subsidized units for low- and middle-income families, creating a temporary agency to provide emergency capital funds to business and giving the Government the authority to delay wage and price hikes. Such views place him in the Democratic mainstream, though Republican critics regard him as a big spender who promises more than he can deliver.

**ENERGY.** Jackson first and presciently warned of the coming oil shortage in

# Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.



1. Though his career was based on hot air balloonist David Moeller raised his image with a cigarette holder. It also gave him cleaner taste.



2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed, so all you taste is rich, clean tobacco flavor. For the smoker who's coming up in the world.



17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct.'74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# How a major airline discovered where frequent fliers flock on the ground.

In 1974, some 40 years into the air age, only 1 in 6 American adults will set foot in an airplane. That's why the airline industry has spent millions on advertising to attract new customers.

One major airline recently considered alternative ways to increase load factors. One was mass advertising aimed primarily at prospective first-time fliers. The other was designed to increase current share of the flying market.

ZIP Marketing was called in to study the feasibility of both strategies.

We examined over 2,000 questionnaires taken during 45 domestic flights. We found high concentrations of passenger residence in certain metro-suburban ZIP Code areas. Then we generated household income figures for those ZIPs using U.S. Census data.

The results were startling.  
• 75% of all passengers live in affluent ZIPs

that comprise but two-fifths of the population.

• 73% of those who fly 8 or more times a year live in ZIPs that comprise only one-fifth of the population.

Naturally, the airline wanted to know how to focus advertising and marketing dollars on this highly profitable geographic segment of the economy.

ZIP Marketing was able to show them several ways to do it at a substantial savings in advertising cost per ticket.

Of course, ZIP Marketing's analysis works equally well for a variety of industries: appliances, automobiles, insurance, home furnishings, even packaged goods.

It gives you a geographic fix on sales and a demographic fix on customers, unavailable from any other source. Now, what can we do for you? Ask your TIME representative for facts on ZIP Marketing. Today.



## TIME:ZIP Marketing

# Now everybody is enjoying some really great Times.

## The Los Angeles Luv

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Lemon Juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Pineapple Juice.  
RECIPE: Blend combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Triple Sec,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice; pour in highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw.

## The Miami Sunset

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, orange juice.  
RECIPE: Fill highball glass with ice. Add 2 oz. EARLY TIMES and 1 oz. Triple Sec. Fill with orange juice, and stir. Float teaspoon Grenadine.

## The New York Experience

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth.  
RECIPE: Combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth, with cracked ice; strain into stem glass. Garnish/lemon twist.

## The Atlanta Belle

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Green Creme de Menthe,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. White Creme de Menthe,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Cream.  
RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Green Creme de Menthe,  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. White Creme de Cacao,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Cream. Strain into whisky sour glass.

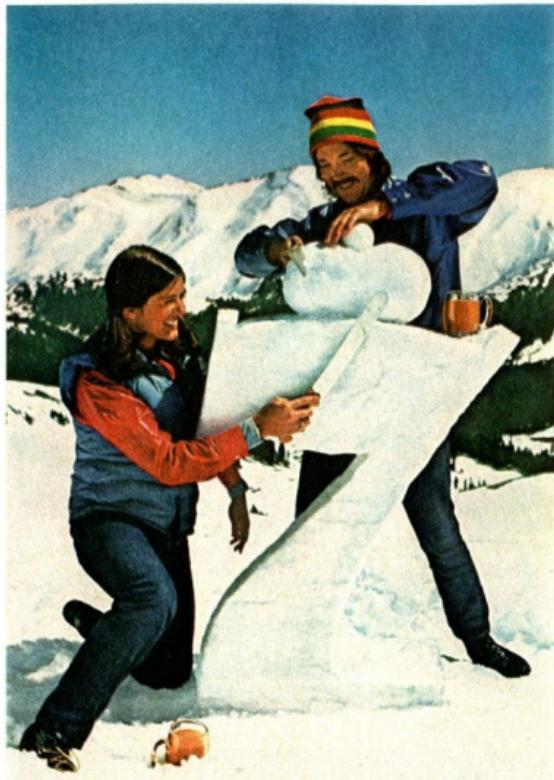
## The Boston Bourbon Mary

INGREDIENTS: 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, Slice of lime (or Favorite Bloody Mary Mix).  
RECIPE: Combine 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix). Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.

Wherever you are, and whatever you mix us with, cola ginger ale, The Uncola,™ cherry soda, lemonade, water or just a clatter of ice cubes, once you know us, you'll love us.

**Early Times**

# Seven & Snowbound.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80/86 PROOF.

When you get a snowfall that breaks all records, you ought to make a big thing of it. Like a snow sculpture.

All it takes is a little ingenuity, and lots of snow.

Try carving out a giant snow goose. Or take a stab at Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Just don't forget that other Seven, Seagram's 7 Crown.

On cold days, sip it hot in a steaming Seven'n Cider. Or try a piping hot 7 Crown toddy, stirred with a cinnamon stick.

Either one will warm up your insides, no matter what it's like outside.

And both give you the friendly taste of Seagram's 7, the whiskey America likes best.

**Seagram's 7 Crown.  
It's America's whiskey.**



## THE NATION

1971; two years later, he urged that Congress enact a \$20 billion program for energy research and development. He believes that the answer to the problem lies in increasing domestic production rather than in cutting demand heavily to reduce imports. Jackson would have Congress roll back domestic oil prices. He thinks that the companies' profits are so high that a substantial price cut—he has not settled on a figure—would still leave the incentive to increase domestic exploration and drilling. Oil company executives argue that the current price is necessary to pay the cost of new domestic production, but Jackson responds: "Baloney. Just look at the record: production has gone down steadily." To boost U.S. production, he would open to production the federal reserves at Elk Hills, Calif., and Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4 in Alaska, and set up a board to coordinate and accelerate development on the continental shelf, perhaps through a Government-assisted consortium of several companies. Jackson considers Ford's immediate goal of cutting U.S. oil imports by 1 million bbl. per day to be unrealistic. Some conservatives regard Jackson's energy program as inimical to the free enterprise system.

**FOREIGN POLICY.** He gives unwavering support to Israel, not only on principle but to preserve the U.S. position in the Middle East, and implacably mistrusts Russia. Both came together in his most dubious effort: his insistence on amending the U.S.-Soviet trade agreement so that the Russians would have to liberalize their emigration laws—which would chiefly benefit Soviet Jews—in exchange for U.S. trade concessions. The Administration and many others regarded the amendment as a perilous and unwarranted intrusion into Russian internal affairs. But Jackson looked upon it as "one small step along the road to an international community based on law." Such was Jackson's clout in the Senate that Secretary of State Henry Kissinger for a time seemed to be negotiating with two sovereign powers—the Kremlin and Jackson. When the Russians appeared to give in to the demand, he boasted that he had demonstrated "what tough bargaining can accomplish."

But last month the Soviets repudiated the deal. Ford and Kissinger pinned the blame on the Jackson Amendment, arguing that Jewish emigration had in fact been increasing as long as quiet pressure was being applied, but that Russian leaders could not countenance Jackson's advertisement of it as a condition, especially since Congress had failed to make it worthwhile by the piddling credits offered. Many people at first feared that the debate and collapse of the agreement had seriously jeopardized detente. Jackson blamed Moscow for an "egregious breach of good faith" and insisted that the U.S. would be wrong to back down. Though Jackson

says that he believes in detente, he argues that Presidents Nixon and Ford and Henry Kissinger have been too willing to give too much away to Russia in its name. It remains to be seen how much all this has hurt him among voters who might consider that his personal foreign policy, however motivated, had backfired. The Soviets leave no doubt about their sentiments toward Jackson. Recent Russian press articles have called him the "demonic advocate of the military-industrial complex," "the devil of Seattle" and the "henchman of Zionist circles."

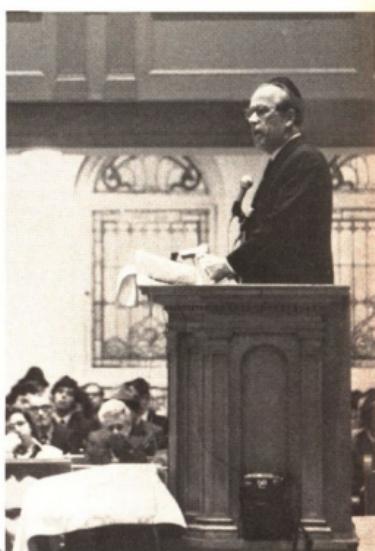
The bitterest liberal criticism of Jackson has been over his support of the Viet Nam War. In 1970 peace activists vainly tried to defeat him in the Senate primary (he won it with 87% of the vote); when he spoke on college campuses, students pelted him with marshmallows. But Jackson is still unrepentant. Says he: "I always wanted to go in there, fight the war quickly and get out." When he decided that the U.S. could not win the war, he favored a withdrawal. Now, in a switch that may shake his conservative support by seeming to renounce on his principles, Jackson no longer will even back the Administration's request for \$300 million in additional aid to South Viet Nam, arguing that "it has to end somewhere." Says Jackson: "The Thieu government is repressive. We had these promises that he would liberalize and broaden his base, but it just didn't happen."

**DEFENSE.** Jackson has always been a proponent of new military hardware, and he shows no signs of changing. Critics charge that his views reflect the fact that his state's largest employer is the Boeing Co. (hence "the Senator from Boeing"). The charge is not quite fair. Jackson has worked on the company's behalf, and during the SST debate he let a Boeing lobbyist work out of his office. But Jackson fundamentally believes that new technology is essential to preserve peace and U.S. freedom. As he once said, "The way you get the Soviets to the conference table is from a position of strength." He provided much of the impetus behind the Navy's decision to build a fleet of nuclear-powered submarines and led the fight for the antiballistic-missile program and the supersonic transport.

Jackson is close to Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, consults with him frequently, and is likely to recommend only minor cuts in the Pentagon's proposed \$9 billion increase in defense spending next year, even though it is unpopular with liberals. He favors mutual arms reduction by the U.S. and U.S.S.R. He faulted the interim arms agreement because he thought it favored the Soviets. More recently he agreed with liberals that Ford's Vladivostok agreement set too high a limit on the two countries' strategic weapons.

Jackson actually has been campaigning for the presidency since 1971,

when he played a spoiler role in the campaign for the 1972 Democratic nomination. Poorly organized and poorly prepared, he showed traces of demagoguery in his desperate bid for attention. He ignored a lifetime dedication to civil rights by proposing a constitutional amendment against busing to desegregate public schools. He called McGovern the candidate for "amnesty, acid and abortion," an unfair phrase that stung and stuck. After the campaign, Time Oil Co. and Gulf Oil Corp. were fined for giving him illegal contributions. In addition, the Senate Watergate committee reported that Oilman Leon Hess, chairman of Amerada Hess Corp., secretly



SPEAKING AT A SYNAGOGUE  
"I am a composite."

channeled \$225,000 to Jackson through other people.

In that campaign, Jackson was trying to give Democrats on the right and in the middle a choice between McGovern and George Wallace. This time Jackson is trying to put together a program appealing to all shades of Democrats, including liberals who have not forgiven him for backing the Viet Nam War and attacking McGovern but who are now in disarray and in search of a candidate for 1976.

**Wallace Constituency.** Last fall Jackson pointedly campaigned on behalf of many liberal candidates, including Father Robert F. Drinan of Massachusetts, Allard Lowenstein of New York, Abner Mikva of Illinois and Gary Hart of Colorado, who was McGovern's



**RELAXING AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER ANNA MARIE & SON PETER**  
Undistinguished suits, black wingtip shoes and a 1961 Chevrolet.

campaign manager; of the four, only Lowenstein lost. Albeit somewhat reluctantly, Jackson also supported liberal reforms of the party's delegate selection rules at the mini-convention in Kansas City in December. So far, however, his efforts apparently have brought few liberals into his camp.

A further problem for Jackson is the diehard constituency of Wallace, whose unannounced campaign is similarly well financed (\$1.8 million at the end of 1974) and well organized. Indeed in the polls Wallace continues to lead Jackson by a substantial margin as the Democrats' choice as their nominee, now that Ted Kennedy has declared himself out of the race. The Alabama Governor is so intensely disliked by liberals and many moderates that he is exceedingly unlikely to win the nomination. But he may still wind up with enough convention delegates so that no one will be able to get the nomination without first making a deal with him. Significantly, Jackson has said that Wallace is "eminently qualified to be Vice President," and that he "would welcome him on a ticket if he were the choice of the convention."

**Unflagging Support.** Jackson's traditional backing by American Jews because of his unflagging support of Israel is stronger than ever these days, owing to Israel's heightened anxieties for the future and its declining support in many quarters. Much of his national campaign funding thus far has come from Jewish contributions. But Jackson's appeal to another traditional constituency, organized labor, has slipped somewhat. He had earlier appeared to be the AFL-CIO's first choice for the nomination. Lately, however, associates have reported that the AFL-CIO's George Meany has been increasingly unhappy with Jackson, first for visiting China in 1974 and then for backing the trade bill

in the first place, which Meany considered a threat to American jobs.

Jackson intends to concentrate principally on fund raising this year. His campaign treasury of nearly \$1.5 million was collected in the past six months and is second only to that of George Wallace among prospective Democratic presidential candidates. Jackson's early contributors have included Leonard Davis, director of the Colonial Penn Group Inc. of New York, and his wife, who gave \$6,000; Max Karl, president of MGIC Investment Corp. of Milwaukee, \$3,000; Investment Banker William R. Salomon of New York, \$1,000; and Charles Wohlstetter, chairman of Continental Telephone Corp. of Chantilly, Va., \$1,500.

Jackson hopes to raise between \$7 million and \$10 million by Feb. 1, 1976. The new federal campaign-finance law offers presidential candidates matching funds of up to \$5 million for primary expenses but only if they first get contributions of at least \$5,000 from each of 20 states. As a result, Jackson will depend heavily on a direct-mail appeal for funds, coordinated by Morris Dees, the liberal Montgomery, Ala., lawyer who raised \$20 million by mail for McGovern in 1972. By year's end, Jackson expects to have sent his appeal to about 2 million people.

It is far too early for Jackson to make firm plans for the primaries. State parties have until July 1 to decide how to choose their delegates. Until then, says a top Jackson aide, "we won't even know the rules of the game." But some tentative strategies are under consideration. For example, Jackson believes that he should spend money evenly on the primaries rather than concentrate on the early ones. He explains: "Some candidate might spend a bundle in New Hampshire and a few others and then

## THE NATION

find that he is nearly out of money by the time that he gets to California [in June]."

The forces that shaped Jackson included the prolabor, internationalist traditions of Washington State, and his close-knit family. Born May 31, 1912, he was the youngest of four children in a working-class family in Everett, a small mill town 28 miles north of Seattle. His Lutheran parents had emigrated from Norway in the 1880s. Father Peter was a cement worker, Mother Marie was a stern but loving matriarch who infused in her son a strong sense of right and wrong.

**Delivery Boy.** As a boy, Jackson was a poor athlete, an avid Boy Scout and a skillful debater. At 13, he won a prize from the Everett *Herald* for diligence as a newspaper delivery boy. Its comic page chronicled the adventures of a newspaper reporter named Scoop, who was the inspiration for Jackson's nickname. His newspaper route included Everett's red-light district, where Jackson was appalled to find prominent men patronizing whorehouses, gambling dens and speakeasies. Indeed, in his commencement speech at his high school graduation in 1930, Jackson grimly lectured his audience about the evils of disrespect for the laws.

After working his way through the University of Washington, where he graduated barely in the top third of his law school class in 1935, Jackson returned to Everett to practice law. He also became active in local politics and soon seized control of Everett's Young Democrats organization, using it in 1938 as a base to run for Snohomish County prosecutor, soundly beating the alcoholic incumbent. Two years later, after earning the nickname "Soda Pop" Jackson and a reputation as an aggressively moralistic prosecutor for running the gamblers, madams and bootleggers out of the county, Jackson easily won election to a vacant seat in the U.S. House.

In Congress he established himself as a New Deal Democrat. In 1952 he moved up, bucking the Eisenhower landslide to win election to the Senate over conservative Republican Incumbent Harry Cain. In the Senate, Jack-

## VISITING CHINESE PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI



son was soon enlisted in the Democratic campaign to bring down Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin and end his witchhunt for subversives in Government. Among other things, Jackson asked a series of ironic questions during the Army-McCarthy hearings that helped reduce the Wisconsin Senator to an object of ridicule. The strain of those hearings led to an attack of fibromyositis, an extremely painful, body-wide muscular cramp that Jackson likens to "a giant charley horse." To avoid future attacks, he still exercises daily for 45 minutes, usually in the Senate gym, where he swims a quarter of a mile and then vigorously pedals an exercise bicycle.

For much of Jackson's political career, three men have helped shape his political views and still act as a frequently consulted, yet sometimes critical, home-town kitchen cabinet. They are:

► John Salter, 62, a boyhood friend who served as Jackson's political strategist and chief aide until 1961. Later he founded a political consulting firm in Seattle, with Boeing as one of his biggest clients. A gregarious back-slapper, Salter describes his main service to Jackson now as making certain that he "doesn't get too big for his britches." Salter lately has urged his friend to pay more attention to domestic affairs. He explains: "Some guy working in a paper mill in Everett can't even spell détente, but he knows that he can't afford to pay a doctor to get his kid's busted leg fixed."

► Stanley Golub, 61, a wealthy Se-

CAMPAINING IN FLORIDA (1972)



## "People Are Looking for Answers"

Candidate Jackson talked with TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud last week in Washington, D.C. Highlights of the interview:

### *How would your presidency differ from others?*

Mine would be an activist, provocative Administration. Let us first talk about the economy. True, we can't totally tame the business cycle. But I think that it can be influenced in a substantial way to be less troublesome and to unleash the enormous resources of this country. What has happened is that there has been a tendency to deal with effects and not causes, so we have had a lot of patchwork, *ad hoc* solutions that do not deal with the overriding issues of growth and wage-price stability.

I would use the resources of the Government and of the private sector to take inventory of what our requirements are for the next ten, 15, even 20 years, much as A.T. & T. and other big companies do. I would look at the requirements in terms of both available resources and what we need to do. We have to think in terms of new technologies, new materials, what is required in education, training and so on, both in the sciences and the simple trades. When I look at our needs and I look at our resources and what we need to do, I see an America in which everyone is going to be fully employed. I see an America where, literally, we will rebuild the country. We will have to do it with great skill, of course, because resources are finite. We can't corrupt the atmosphere and the water and the land in the name of growth.

### *What policy changes would you advocate in foreign affairs?*

Looking ahead, the biggest problem will be in maintaining a proper equilibrium among the three powers—Russia, China and the U.S. The U.S. has a tremendous responsibility to maintain a credible posture both in material terms and in being able to deter wars. We will need the kind of skill in diplomacy that will avoid brinkmanship and the possibility of miscalculation.

### *How would your foreign policy differ from President Ford's?*

The broad outline of better relations and communications with Russia and China would continue to be the objective. We have made a beginning, but it is going to be a very, very difficult road, full of booby traps. I don't want to be specific right now, but people who assume that I am rigid in every area are wrong. I am not a wild man, but I am also not the kind who is prone to the status quo. I am not frightened of embark-

ing on new courses that are going to upset a lot of people.

### *You have been accused of having in effect prolonged the cold war by pressing for freer emigration of Soviet Jews. What is your response?*

The immediate reaction of some people to the announcement that the Russians were backing out of the trade agreement was that détente is off. Very candidly, the Russians have given every indication that they want to continue détente.

We should not let the Russians decide that we are patsies. They are watching the American reaction. If we cave in, the Russians will decide that they can get away with things like this. But if they want to break off détente, it won't be over an issue of this kind.

### *Many people fear that you would issue a blank check to the Pentagon for new weapons. Is there any end to the development of new means of annihilation?*

Science is not on a plateau, and we will not be able to outlaw new theoretical methods of annihilation. I think though that we do need a more effective code of arms limitation. We need a better way of monitoring [the other side] to reassure other nations of the limitations on destruction. That can be carried out if we can get the Soviets to agree to on-site inspection.

### *Why are you hopeful that an agreement of that kind is possible?*

Over the long run, I think that the Russians are going to have to look more at the problems that they have internally; the technological gap between the Soviets and ourselves is widening. They want to buy the means by which they can close the gap and therein, I think, lies an opportunity for the U.S. to use its economic power to help create world peace.

### *Even your friends say that you lack charisma. Will this be a problem in the campaign?*

I don't think that it is the problem that it once was, because the voters now are really much tougher in evaluating appearances. The American people have heard a lot of promises that just weren't delivered on. They are not cynical; they are skeptical. They are leary of the guy who comes in promising everything and who has the magic touch. With big crowds, charisma can be effective. But when voters sit down to decide, they want to know whether a candidate has real answers. That is why the Democrats are in a position where, having won by wide margins, they must deliver some programs. People are really looking for answers.



GETTING MADE UP FOR TELEVISION

#### THE NATION

attle jeweler who attended law school with Jackson. He talks to Jackson by telephone several times a week on all manner of subjects, from editors he thinks Jackson should meet to foreign policy matters. A strong supporter of Israel, Golub is somewhat more liberal than his friend, and regrets never having been able to convince Jackson that he was wrong to support the Viet Nam War. Golub accompanied Jackson to China last year.

► Jerry Hoeck, 53, a wealthy retired Seattle advertising executive who met Jackson during his 1952 campaign. More conservative than Jackson, he is called on chiefly for advice on press-relation problems and for occasional help in writing speeches.

For 20 years, Jackson was one of Washington's most eligible bachelors; yet he scarcely took advantage of the glittering social life that was in his reach. He lived in a series of cluttered apartments, shared usually by other bachelors. When not politicking back home, Jackson routinely spent Saturdays in his office, devoted evenings to dining with constituents who came to Washington or, more frequently, to poring over staff and technical reports, newspapers and magazines. On Sundays he would some-

times play softball with the Kennedy clan in Georgetown. Teammates describe him as an adequate second baseman but a rather weak hitter. Occasionally he would date; his most frequent such companion in the 1950s was Helen Langer, niece of the late Senator from North Dakota.

► Tea Date. Then, on the day that the Senate convened in January 1961, Senator Clinton Anderson introduced his new blonde receptionist to Jackson. She was Helen Hardin, a divorcee, daughter of the president of American Gypsum Co. in Albuquerque and graduate of Scripps College and Columbia University, where she earned a master's degree in contemporary literature, specializing in Virginia Woolf. A date for tea in the Senate dining room led to bicycling dates and to marriage in December. Jackson was 49; his wife was 28.

Despite marriage, politics still dominated Jackson. Characteristically, he interrupted his honeymoon to attend a naval briefing at Pearl Harbor. But his wife brought new grace and style to his life, though he still wears undistinguished suits and black wingtip shoes, and drives a 1961 Chevrolet. The Jacksons own two houses, one in Washington's fashionable Spring Valley, the

## Six Others for '76—and More to Come

The list of contenders, seeking or sought, for the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination is almost infinitely expandable at this premature stage of the campaign. It includes those household familiars: Edward Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, George Wallace. It extends to those whose potential candidacies may only be a gleam in someone's eyes, be it only their own, such as New York Governor Hugh Carey, California Governor Jerry Brown, Illinois Governor Dan Walker, Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp, Idaho Senator Frank Church, West Virginia Senator Robert Byrd, Ohio Senator John Glenn, former North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford, Boston Mayor Kevin White. But any list must include six men who are either already seeking the nomination or have winning personalities and significant regional support. The six are:

► DALE BUMPERS, 49. Probably the nation's fastest-rising politician, the Arkansas Senator has achieved a giant-killer reputation by coming out of his state's hill country to defeat popular former Governor Orval Faubus in a primary election. Later in 1970, he knocked off the incumbent Governor Winthrop Rockefeller to take over the statehouse and, finally, Senator J. William Fulbright last year. Breezy, charming and easygoing, his winning ways make him a highly effective campaigner. A lawyer and farmer who tags himself a populist, Bumpers is liberal on such issues as expanded

Medicare and race relations. The freshman Senator has made no move toward the presidency. But on the stump he is probably the most appealing of the party's fresh faces, and that could turn out to be a prized asset in the eyes of the pros in 1976.

► REUBIN ASKEW, 46. First elected Governor of Florida on a tax reform theme in 1970, the former state legislator delivered on his promises and won a smashing re-election last year to become the state's first successive two-term Governor. The feat was particularly remarkable because he favored busing. A native of Oklahoma who neither smokes nor drinks, Askev is a Southern liberal who has raised corporate taxes, repealed various consumer levies and pushed hard to help the elderly and protect Florida's endangered environment. Soft-spoken and handsome, he was an effective keynote speaker at the Democrats' 1972 convention. A strong executive, Askev adamantly professes no interest in seeking the presidency—a good position to be in if a deadlocked nominating convention turns to a non-candidate to break the impasse.

► LLOYD BENTSEN, 53. Suave and sophisticated, the Texas Senator is a landed millionaire (estimated worth: \$2 million) whose cool style contrasts with the earthy, flesh-pressing ways

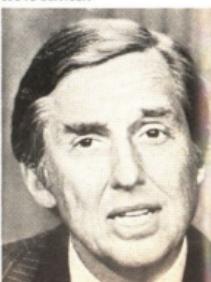
DALE BUMPERS



REUBIN ASKEW



LLOYD BENTSEN



other a large house in Everett that was once the home of a banker who was the richest and most powerful man in town when Jackson was a boy—a bit of symbolism much appreciated by the Senator's friends. But Jackson's family still lives relatively modestly, its only income being Jackson's \$42,500 annual salary and a small return—\$3,238 last year—from stocks owned by his wife and their two children, Anna Marie, 12, and Peter, 8. Since 1952, Scoop has donated all of the money he earns from speeches and articles—totaling \$34,350 last year—to scholarship funds in the state of Washington.

At this early stage in the campaign, Jackson's candidacy has failed to stir much enthusiasm in the Democratic Party. Pollster Patrick Caddell of Cambridge, Mass., reports that "70% or more of the party activists are not supporting anyone. They are all still looking for a candidate." Moreover, party leaders are also withholding their endorsements, and for an excellent reason. Explains Deputy Mayor John DeLuca of San Francisco: "A lot of the boys learned a political lesson the hard way last time. They came out early for Muskie and were left holding the bag." Adds Illinois Democratic Chairman John Touhy:

"Anybody that tells you now what's going to happen in '76 would have to have a beatific vision." There is a widespread feeling among party professionals that Jackson is the best prospect around at the moment, but that somehow he cannot survive the long road to the convention and nomination.

**No Name.** As a result, there is a currently fashionable speculation in Washington and elsewhere that might be called the Mr. X theory. It holds that either in the primaries or at a deadlocked convention a new candidate, Mr. X, will sweep the exhausted and disarrayed Democrats off their feet. The one major flaw in the theory is that no one has yet come up with a plausible name. Some Democrats believe that Senator Edward Kennedy might be persuaded to accept a draft; others keep hoping for Senators Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey or even McGovern; still others yearn for a genuinely fresh face and a fresh start for the party. But for the moment, at least, Jackson is out front and going for broke. For the present, as never before in recent times, the rest of the field is clear. Says California Democratic Pro Bill Holzman of his party's prize: "There's no one there to beat. It's there to take."

of Texas politicians like Lyndon Johnson Bentsen resists facile classification. His conservative image was buttressed by his unseating of Liberal Senator Ralph Yarborough in the 1970 primary and his opposition to busing and gun controls. Yet, claiming to be a political moderate, he has also opposed the SST, favored reduction in the oil depletion allowance, and voted to make it easier to cut off Senate filibusters. He is admired by Senate colleagues for his unpredictable but reasoned stands on issues. Running hard for months and well financed, Bentsen will probably announce his candidacy next week.

**FRED HARRIS**, 44. Although his aborted 1972 presidential campaign ran out of steam—and money—in just six weeks, the former Oklahoma Senator is such an evangelistic speaker and is working so hard this year that he cannot be ignored. A sharecropper's son, Harris, who earned a Phi Beta Kappa key and law degree from the University of Oklahoma, worked with his state's oil barons to become Senator. But to their surprise he quickly turned against Oklahoma's power cliques and championed legislation to help the poor. Advocating a "new populism" and "economic democracy," he sought the presidency instead of re-election to the Senate in 1972. He is conducting a far more frugal presidential campaign this time, staying with friends in New Hampshire and working tire-

lessly throughout the area's small towns in an effort to draw national attention—and Democratic Party support—by scoring an upset victory in that state's opening presidential primary next year.

**JIMMY CARTER**, 50. One of the earliest symbols of the New South's political moderation on racial issues, the just-retired Georgia Governor was born on a farm, still owns one, and sends his second-grade daughter to a public school that is 75% black. A Baptist who taught Sunday school as a midshipman at Annapolis and conducted religious services on wartime submarines, he was a postwar nuclear engineer under Admiral Hyman Rickover. After two terms as a state senator, it took him two tries to succeed troglodyte Governor Lester Maddox. As Governor he was scandal-free but unspectacular. Another self-styled populist and a genial campaigner, he announced his presidential candidacy last December.

**MORRIS K. UDALL**, 52. Tall, handsome and witty in the Will Rogers manner, the 13-year Arizona Congressman is the favored candidate of most unreconstructed McGovern liberals.

Udall is a strong conservationist (his brother Stewart was President John Kennedy's Secretary of Interior). Outgoing and athletic, the 6 ft. 5 in. Udall was born on a farm, played professional basketball (the Denver Nuggets), and is a lawyer. He has shrewdly maintained rapport with the center of his party, and even his home-state Senator, Republican Barry Goldwater, holds him in high regard. Udall was the first Democrat to announce his presidential candidacy. So far, his effort has produced more volunteers than money.

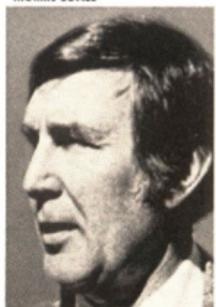
FRED HARRIS



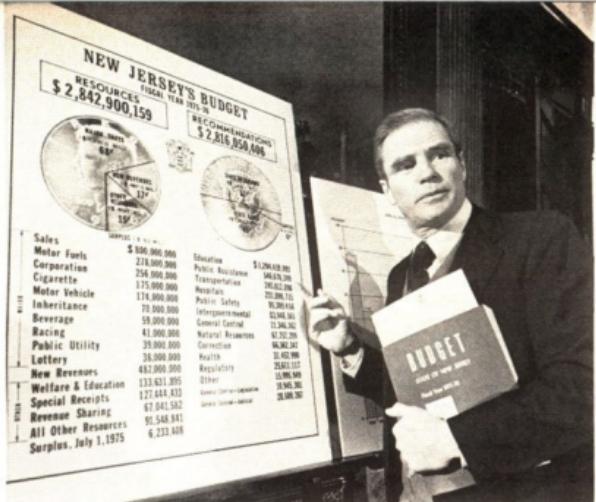
JIMMY CARTER



MORRIS UDALL



WORKING OUT ON HIS EXERCISE BICYCLE



GOVERNOR BRENDAN BYRNE PRESENTING THE NEW JERSEY BUDGET

## NEW JERSEY

### Going Broke

Small as it is, there is something for everyone in New Jersey, including some things nobody really wants. The state possesses some of the finest beaches on the Atlantic coast, and one of the most dismal lunar landscapes of swamp, industrial waste, and smelly oil refineries to be found in the U.S. Its nearly 8 million people live in communities as diverse as the grinding black ghettos of Newark, the elegant \$200,000 homes of Short Hills and Princeton, and the Rockwellian small towns of Cumberland County that preserve the life-style of an earlier, simpler America.

In theory and on paper, New Jersey is one of the most favored states in the nation, ranking fourth in both per capita and median family income. But its tradition of politically powerful counties has tended to emphasize local rule to the detriment of that wielded from the statehouse in Trenton, and New Jersey has paid a high price for its localism. Higher education, public health and mental institutions suffer from inadequate funding. The state bears only 28.7% of the cost of local education, compared with the national average of 43%. Half the public money spent in the state is raised at the local level, primarily through real estate taxes. Affluent towns end up with the lion's share of the pie, while poor areas struggle under the inequitable system. Part of the problem is that state legislatures have refused to enact a state income tax.

New Jersey may be about to shape up, however, thanks to pressure of two kinds. One is the recession, which has sent the unemployment rate up to 10.3%, and revenues plunging by 13%

million. The other is the fact that the state is under a court order to come up with a new method for financing public education. In 1973, the State Supreme Court declared that heavy reliance on local property taxes created wide disparities in the quality of education. But the state senate blocked a \$300 million plan submitted by Governor Brendan Byrne to rectify the imbalance because it depended on enactment of that old bugaboo, a state income tax.

**Moral Duty.** In his State of the State message last month, Governor Byrne warned against the "spectacle of a government so immobilized by fear of political consequence that it cannot do its moral and legal duty." Last week he translated that into figures. He outlined a "rock bottom" spending program for the next fiscal year. His \$2.82 billion budget is up only 1.83% over the current year, and represents the smallest increase in 20 years. He called for no pay raises for state employees, a \$15 million cutback in optional parts of Medicaid, a freeze on enrollments at state colleges, a reduction in scholarship assistance, lowered daily food allowances in state institutions, and a hold-the-line policy on aid to local schools.

In his budget message, Byrne told the legislature that the state had reached the moment of reckoning, and again recommended a graduated income tax. His proposal would generate \$1 billion in income and would cancel his budget deficit of \$487 million, provide the \$300 million to comply with the court order on schools, and still leave revenue left over to lower the sales tax from 5% to 3% and provide some relief from local real-estate taxes. And this time he may get what he wants. Opposition is wavering. Even Democratic Senator Thomas Dunn of Union County, a long-

## THE NATION

time income tax opponent, is reconsidering. The Governor, he said, "put a shotgun to our heads."

Until now, Byrne, who took office 13 months ago with a reputation for probity and common sense, has seemed to lack the political wiles to tame the county tigers. While he has been able to put through a number of anti-corruption measures, he has lost on other key issues, notably his fiscal program and a controversial bill to revive that fading beach dowager, Atlantic City, by permitting casino gambling there. Ironically, if his budget is passed but no new revenue is found, Byrne may end up as the only state employee to get a salary increase: under a measure enacted before he took office, the Governor is due for a raise in pay from \$60,000 to \$65,000.

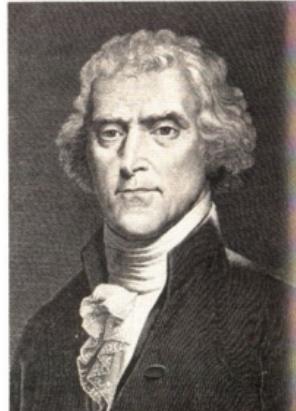
## OPINION

### Defending the Founders

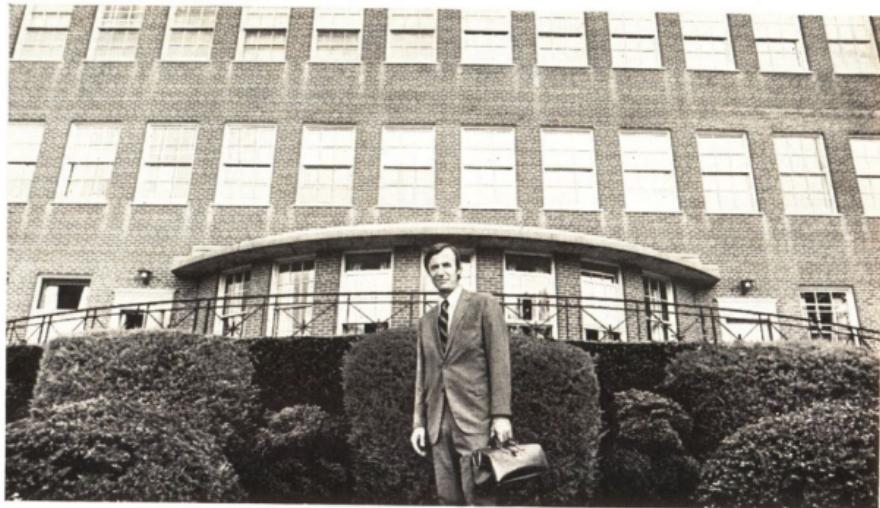
A bicentennial is, of course, an appropriate time for a revisionist look at a nation's beginnings. Two recent books became bestsellers by taking just such a view, each portraying the revered Thomas Jefferson and George Washington in a new and unflattering light. Last week Virginian Dabney, a proud Virginian, historian and retired editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, came to the defense of the founding fathers in an outspoken Charter Day address at Virginia's venerable College of William and Mary. He sharply assailed Fawn Brodie, author of *Thomas Jefferson, An Intimate History*, and Gore Vidal, for pretending to sound scholarship.

Dabney's primary target was Bro-

CLOVER



THOMAS JEFFERSON  
Graffiti on the statue.



## You may need a doctor. You don't need the whole hospital.

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## THE NATION

die, who portrayed Jefferson in Freudian terms as suffering from a guilt complex stemming from his paternity of mulatto children at Monticello. The trouble with that tidy theory, Dabney argued, is that it only works if Jefferson was indeed the father and he insisted that there is no reliable evidence to support that assertion—and much evidence to the contrary. Dabney enlisted statements from three Jefferson historians to refute the paternity claim. He said that Dumas Malone and Merrill Peterson of the University of Virginia and Julian P. Boyd, editor of the papers of Thomas Jefferson, all agreed that the Brodie book was based on "half-truths, unwarranted assumptions and grievous misinterpretation of the known facts."

According to Dabney, the report that Jefferson had fathered the children was spread in a newspaper article in 1802 by one James T. Callender, whom Dabney described as "a vicious unscrupulous drunkard" who was angry at President Jefferson for refusing to appoint him postmaster at Richmond. An Ohio newspaper revived this charge in 1873, citing what Dabney termed the "testimony of two aged blacks." Historian Malone called the testimony a contrived bit of "abolitionist propaganda."

**Serpent's Glance.** The most solid evidence, according to Dabney, is that there were mulattoes at Monticello and some were related to Jefferson—but were fathered by Jefferson's father-in-law John Wayles and two nephews. The liaisons of the nephews with two of the Jefferson servants, Sally and Betsey Hemings, thus resulted in children who bore a likeness to Jefferson. While most of the evidence refuting the Jefferson paternity is noted by Brodie, the historians complain that she dismissed it in her "obsession" with the mulatto question.

Dabney attacked Vidal mainly for his characterization of Washington as variously having a "cold, serpent's nature," casting a "serpent's glance" and employing "serpentine cunning." No major historian or biographer of Washington has ever before found any such reptilian element in Washington's personality, Dabney contended.

In view of Aaron Burr's hatred of Jefferson, Dabney does not find it surprising that Vidal's Burr considered his enemy "a hypocrite" and "the most deceitful" man he had ever known. But it is absurd, argued Dabney, for Jefferson also to be termed "an intellectual dabbler" who "never did any one thing particularly well." To the contrary, Dabney insisted, Jefferson was "perhaps the most brilliantly versatile man America has produced."

Historian Malone's conclusion, as told by Dabney, was that Brodie and Vidal "cannot rob Washington and Jefferson of their laurels, but they can scribble graffiti on their statues. It is unfortunate that dirty words are so hard to erase, and it is shocking that the scribblers should be so richly rewarded."

## MYSTERIES

### Where's David?

*The large advertisement in the Sunday New York Times was as intriguing, if somewhat less informative, as anything in the huge paper's news columns that day. "Has anyone seen my son David Rosoff?" it asked. It showed a picture of a small boy wearing a cowboy hat. Below the picture was a date more poignant than the question: the photograph had been taken in 1968. TIME Correspondent Marion Knox explored the strange story behind the ad and sent this report:*

It is first necessary to get the cast of characters straight. There are five principal actors in the bizarre Rosoff saga: 1) Jo Oppenheimer, 39, tousled, troubled and wealthy; 2) Adolph ("Dolph") Rosoff, 52, a familiar Greenwich Village character, who is now languishing in jail; 3) Thelma ("Teddy") Sueker Feldman, 51, his longtime companion and a self-styled therapist, who is also in jail; 4) Micah, 25, Teddy's son by a 1945 marriage, who spirited David away on Dolph and Teddy's instructions; and 5) the missing David, who is now



DAVID ROSOFF



JO OPPENHEIMER  
A bizarre saga.

### HAS ANYONE SEEN MY SON DAVID ROSOFF?



1968 Photograph

Anyone knowing  
the whereabouts of David,  
please contact me immediately.



Ms. Jo Oppenheimer  
(914) 737-7618

twelve, the offspring of Jo and Dolph. It all began in a Village coffeehouse in 1961 where Jo, then a 25-year-old receptionist from Chicago, met Dolph and Teddy. The three hit it off, and the group, including Micah, agreed to live together as a free-style "family," sharing everything, including sex, in Jo's Washington Square Village apartment. Some shared more than others: Jo paid most of the family's communal expenses out of her \$60,000 yearly income from stock dividends and a trust fund set up by her father, who owned a sausage-casing company. "We had somewhat of an open family," says the burly, bearded Dolph, interviewed in jail. "We were trying to live as truthfully and honestly with each other as we could. Jo came along. She was a rich girl living alone who latched onto us."

In 1962 they decided to open a coffeehouse and formed a corporation called the Big Ffor (after the initials of each member's last name), and Jo bought them a four-story house and storefront on West 4th Street. From all accounts, including her own, Jo was "in emotional trouble." According to Teddy, she was once found on the roof of a house tossing away checks, had attempted suicide several times, and often spent days cocooned in bed weeping.



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are found in aluminum itself.

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Deluxe presentation case is made of Canadian White Birch with a specially tanned steer hide cover.



## Series II—Classic Olympic Motifs



Deluxe display stand—free with every subscription—is made of select Canadian White Birch. Designed to hold all seven series of coins, each in its own presentation case.



**\$10 coin.** Head of Zeus, the god to whom the Grecian Games were dedicated. Diameter: 45 mm.

**\$10 coin.** Temple of Zeus, focal point for the ancient Games. Diameter: 45 mm.

**\$5 coin.** Laurel wreath, symbolizing amateurism, plus the 5-ring Olympic symbol. Diameter: 38 mm.

**\$5 coin.** Flaming Olympic torch, held by a laurel-crowned Olympic athlete. Diameter: 38 mm.

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# If you think every American kid is protected against polio, you're dead wrong.

Remember the braces?

The iron lungs?

The wheel chairs?

They may not be part of your day-to-day life as they once were. But the *threat* of polio is.

That's because about a third of the kids in this nation haven't been immunized.

A third!

And that's suburban kids as well as city kids.

Here's more potentially dangerous news.

There are also thousands of kids unprotected against measles, German measles, diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough.

Why?

Some parents

start out with the right protective measures, but they don't follow through.

Then there's the fact that a lot of parents are too young to remember those dreadful things we mentioned earlier.

Then there's one of mankind's oldest curses: complacency.

But what's more important than the reasons for the situation is the way to right it.

And that's for every parent of every child to check with the family doctor, or with the local health department.

To make sure every child is immunized.

As soon as possible.



If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.  
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Soon she became pregnant by Dolph. For five months after David was born, Jo took care of him. Then, Teddy charges, she began to put ground glass and soap in the child's formula, stepped on his fingers and fed him overdoses of medicine. "They asked me about all of those things, and I finally admitted to having done them," says Jo. "Somebody had to be the crazy one in a group like that. The role was chosen for me, and I accepted it. The family attracts emotionally sick people."

The family decided that Jo could no longer be trusted with David, so Teddy took over as his mother, and David grew up believing that Jo was his sister. He was raised by the family's notions of total freedom; he was kept out of school and picked up his education from the people who gravitated to the storefront seeking food and shelter. The storefront, which the group turned into a factory to produce Tiffany-style lampshades rather than into a coffeehouse, overflowed with dogs, vagrants, hanging lamps, plants, glass-cutting equipment, books, rags and grime.

**How to Cry.** Dolph claims that David was autistic and had terrible tantrums. "Teddy worked with him 24 hours a day teaching him how to cry as a child should. We couldn't have sent him to school with the problems he had, but he has been educated. He reads at a junior high school level, knows script and everything about dinosaurs."

In 1970 Jo finally "ran from the family," as she puts it, leaving her son behind. "I realized that if I were ever going to get him out I had to get out myself. In the next two years, she got psychiatric help, moved to Peekskill, N.Y., where she bought a house, set up another lamp-making studio, enrolled at Empire State College, joined the community ambulance corps, and once even sent the impoverished family \$75,000 to keep up mortgage payments.

Gradually she began to see David again, but always under the watchful eye of family members. In 1973 she asked that he be told that she was his natural mother and had a writ of habeas corpus served on Dolph. After Dolph failed to produce the boy for testing before the question of custody could be settled, he was sent to jail. Teddy also refused to comply with the court order and, before going to jail herself, told Micah and Peter Yee, 15, a storefront regular picked up by the family in a nearby park, to hide David. In October 1973 the three disappeared and were last thought to be somewhere in Connecticut. In desperation, Jo Oppenheimer has offered a \$2,500 reward to anyone who can help her find her son. Only a few people have responded with information about a boy they believe to be David. In addition, she has spent some \$100,000 on detective fees, newspaper ads and lawyers. But Dolph and Teddy seem prepared to stay in jail indefinitely to keep David from his mother.

#### THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

## Mr. Porter Goes to Washington

One snowy morning last week Roger Porter, 28, hauled his lean frame out of bed and into the darkness of his Alexandria, Va., apartment. It was 5:45. He struggled through a few push-ups, stood groggily erect and then touched his toes while his wife Ann scurried to dress and prepare breakfast.

He scanned two memorandums as he gulped his orange juice and chewed through his toast, talking here and there about the world and the nation and his place in it, the last still a source of wonder to him. The evening before, as most people in Washington hurried to their homes while snow began to fall, Porter had been in his office calling Air Force One with an urgent question on economic planning for his boss, L. William Seidman, President Ford's economic assistant. Seidman was returning from Atlanta with Ford.

By 6:30 a.m. the young couple were in their Chevy and headed through the slush of Route I-95 toward the White House. They listened to the news of Ford's southern excursion on the car radio, reached the southwest gate of the White House grounds just before 7 and parted, Ann to drive on to her job as a congressional staffer on the Hill, Roger to tramp through the piled-up snow to Room 200 in the Executive Office Building.

Somehow these young men, almost boyish, keep coming to Washington from far out there in the land, full of hope and energy, rekindling, no matter how grim the times, the legend of American opportunity for those of ability and dedication.

Porter was born in Provo, Utah, and reared there and in Ames, Iowa, the son of a professor. He played a little basketball and tennis, did some overseas work for the Mormon Church, graduated from Brigham Young University with straight A's (except for a few A minuses), became a Rhodes scholar, taught at Oxford, came back to Harvard and then became a White House Fellow, one of 15 selected to work and learn for a year at high-level posts in the Government.

He had no powerful friends, little money. He did have brains and discipline, easy humor and an undented faith in this land and its system. He arrived to take his Fellow's spot with then Vice President Ford's office on Aug. 9, just  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours before he became an aide to a President. The harassed Seidman, whose assistant Porter would be, welcomed him. "Great," said Seidman, and then the two of them were swept along in the maelstrom of the historic presidential power change.

One day at Seidman's side Porter was suddenly motioned to a chair in the Cabinet room as Ford strode in. He began scribbling notes for his boss on the new economic moves. There came a week when he raced to Andrews Air Force Base and clambered aboard a windowless jet for a round-the-world flight. From Tokyo to Bonn, a small group of officials dispatched by the President helped explain to allied governments Ford's ideas for reviving the economy. Over the Christmas holidays, Porter followed Seidman to Vail, Colo., and was seated at dinner across from Gerald Ford, listening as the President talked of his hopes for America.

In those fragments of the 15-hour workday not given to Seidman and Ford, Porter has examined his own mind and found his notions of democracy, Government and the men who run it expanding and changing. He marvels at the pressures that bear on the presidency and how any man withstands them and still keeps in touch with the real world. He sees now how messy and inefficient democracy has to be if human rights are to be protected. He senses America's strength and the difficulty of harnessing it in a free society, the need to help the weak but challenge the strong and vigorous.

On that morning last week Porter switched his mind from his good fortune to a TV set, where Seidman was talking on the *CBS Morning News*. Then he rushed to the Roosevelt Room in the White House for a 7:30 a.m. staff meeting, stayed on to take notes at an 8:30 session of the Economic Policy Board. By noon he was eating cafeteria turkey at his desk, deep into the preparation of an economic briefing paper to be sent to President Ford to help guide him in his next moves. That Roger Porter was there, neither overwhelmed nor overbearing, is perhaps one of the small testimonials of hope in these uncertain times.



FORD & PORTER

TIME'S BOARD OF ECONOMISTS

## Bigger Tax Cuts for Faster Recovery

The U.S. recession is now 15 months old, and it is growing bigger and meaner all the time. The urgency of the debate now under way in Washington over how—and how fast—to turn the economy around was underscored by a drumbeat of bad news about falling production and shrinking profits. But of all the measures of the nation's deepening economic problem, none was quite so stunning as last week's report of a scary 8.2% unemployment rate in January.

The new jobless figure hit a confused and querulous American public just as it was trying to grasp the implications of one of the most astonishing budgets ever prepared by any postwar Administration. A conservative Republican President, who had been talking of a tax surcharge and preaching a balanced budget as recently as November, was now proposing tax cuts totaling \$16 billion this year and a record peacetime deficit of \$52 billion in the fiscal year that begins this July. Even more remark-



WEIDENBAUM: • *Extrapolating from the Administration's projection, we get back to full employment in 1984.* •

ard Woodcock put it, was essentially "a planned recession for five long years." Indeed, the sudden surge in unemployment and the budget's amazing projections of continuing high joblessness forcefully raise some questions: What should the President do? Isn't there a better, faster way to revitalize the economy and get America back to work?

For members of TIME's Board of Economists, meeting in Manhattan last week, the answer was a resounding yes. Most of the eight members of the Board warned as early as February 1974 that at least a mild recession was coming—and in subsequent months urged the Government to switch to more expansive fiscal and monetary policies to alleviate the slump. Now they believe that the Administration's budget, even with its big deficit, will do very little in a \$1.4 trillion economy to revive demand, spur production and thus begin restoring jobs. Asserts Tax Specialist Joseph Pechman: "If Congress were to adopt the Ford program lock, stock and barrel, the net stimulus today would be zero." Adds Ar-



OKUN: • *This deficit is horrifying only insofar as it dramatizes the horrifying shape the economy is in.* •

able, given the general optimism of past Ford Administration pronouncements on the economy, was the grim and brutally candid set of projections—tucked into the President's 384-page budget—about jobs, prices and profits over the next five years (see box next page).

If the assumptions of Ford's own economists are accurate, prices will average more than 11% higher this year than in 1974, and will still be rising at annual rates of more than 6.5% through 1977. At the same time, unemployment will average 7.8% over the next three years and still be hovering at a painful 5.5% in 1980. What the Ford budget seemed to be offering the nation, as United Auto Workers President Leon-

thur Okun of the Brookings Institution: "The entire reason for that deficit is that the economy is in terrible shape, and is knocking hell out of revenues and increasing federal expenditures for unemployment and other things." Banker Beryl Sprinkel, one of the few Board members to disagree, argues that the budget figures are "realistic if we have high among our priorities keeping this inflation under significant control."

Though there were differences in degree, almost all the Board members favored a bigger, more permanent tax cut



SPRINKEL: • *Extremely tight money policies since last June have had a wrenching effect.* •

than the President is offering. Apart from a \$4 billion increase in the investment tax credit for business, the Administration's plan calls for a one-shot \$12 billion rebate to individuals to be made in two parts, one in May and the other in September. Most Board members agreed that to get the most stimulation, the \$12 billion tax rebate for individuals should be paid out in

GROVE: • *We need as much stimulus now as we did in 1964.* •



HELLER: • *Congress has a strong argument for a bigger tax cut.* •

## ECONOMY & BUSINESS



NATHAN: *• The next four or five months are going to be dismal by any standards. •*

a single sum as soon as possible.

In addition, many members wanted a tax reduction for individuals that would extend into next year and beyond. Republican Murray Weidenbaum, who leans toward a \$10 billion continuing tax cut, notes: "The case for a permanent reduction becomes much stronger when you look at the high unemployment rates projected for the rest of the decade." The boldest suggestions came from Pechman and Walter Heller, both liberal Democrats: they favor a permanent tax cut of at least \$25 billion or so annually that would take effect next July 1. Yale's Robert Triffin, too, favors greater stimulus, but he would also like to see greater emphasis on more selective anti-recession measures, such as bigger housing subsidies.

Despite the sharp rise in unemployment, the President and most of his advisers show little enthusiasm for expanding their program, arguing that such a move would only fan inflation higher without appreciably reducing unemployment. Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen reported last week that the latest leap in the jobless rate was within the range predicted by Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, who expects unemployment to peak at about 8.5% this summer. And among TIME's Board members, Weidenbaum cautioned against "hitting the panic button" and going for a massive dose of stimulus.

Weidenbaum agrees, however, that the new jobless figures do argue for a greater sense of urgency by the Administration. For one thing, Weidenbaum believes the President should "call back his energy program" and end further time-consuming hassles with Congress. At the same time, Weidenbaum would have the Government speed up the flow of federal contracts as one way of providing some jobs. Washington Labor Economist Robert Nathan wants the Administration and Congress to increase greatly the public-service job programs to provide a measure of quick relief for unemployed workers.

For most Board members, the surest way back to full employment is to lift the economy out of its trough—largely by bigger tax cuts to increase con-

sumer spending and thus production. Without such a boost, says Okun, "I would say that there is at least one chance in four that this recession will last into 1976 and give us a 10% unemployment rate." Okun emphasizes that recession and high jobless rates result in enormous economic losses for the nation. He calculates that the U.S. will turn out about \$900 billion less in goods and services over the next five years than it might have done if the downturn had not been allowed to occur.

In stressing the need for a much more expansive program, Nathan points to the budget's projections for the so-called full-employment surplus. That is a significant figure designed to show what the budget would be if unemployment were only 4% and the economy were operating at optimum capacity.



TRIFFIN: *• We need public employment programs, perhaps subsidies for housing, and other selective stimulus. •*

Thus it can serve as a guide as to how much stimulus might be needed to spur a sluggish economy. The greater the budget surplus is by this measurement, the more the economy is reined in and deflated. Yet, notes Nathan, while the jobless rate will continue to hover at unacceptably high rates, the Administra-



PECHMAN: *• This has been a calculated, restrictive policy by the Administration, and we are paying the price. •*

tion estimates that the full-employment surpluses will be large and sharply rising: \$12 billion in fiscal 1976, \$29 billion in 1977, \$33 billion in 1978, \$45 billion in 1979, \$61 billion in 1980.

Though these figures cannot be assumed to be irrevocable forecasts, they do chart the general direction of Administration policy for the next year or so. Says Nathan: "Clearly that is a very restrictive fiscal policy—and it does little to slow down inflation. Yet that is the price the Administration seems willing to pay for rather modest results."

None of the Board members expect the Administration's grim scenario to be played out, however, because they are certain that Congress will appreciably expand the President's budget. Pechman, for one, believes the projected deficit for fiscal 1976 will have climbed by \$13 billion or more when Congress is through with the budget. For example, Ford wants to reduce Government spending this year by \$17 billion through, among other things, limiting the mandatory increases in federal pay and Social Security and boosting the price of food stamps for the poor. But the swift approval that the House and Sen-

### Ford's Frank and Gloomy Forecast

Rarely has the White House offered a more gloomy forecast of U.S. econo-

mic prospects than the one in its budget for fiscal 1976. Highlights:

UNEMPLOYMENT RATE	CONSUMER PRICE INCREASES	G.N.P. IN CURRENT DOLLARS (\$BILLIONS)	CHANGE IN REAL G.N.P.	CORPORATE PROFITS BEFORE TAXES (\$BILLIONS)
*1973 4.9%	6.2%	\$1,295	+5.9%	\$123
1974 5.6	11.0	1,397	-2.2	141
1975 8.1	11.3	1,498	-3.3	115
1976 7.9	7.8	1,686	+4.8	145
1977 7.5	6.6	1,896	+5.6	163
1978 6.9	5.2	2,123	+6.5	185
1979 6.2	4.1	2,353	+6.5	208
1980 5.5	4.0	2,606	+6.5	233

\*Actual

ate gave to bills blocking the food stamp proposal last week suggests that many of Ford's reductions will be rejected. Pechman reckons that the most Ford can expect is to cut spending by about \$4 billion. In addition, Nathan sees Congress increasing spending for public employment, energy research and mass transit.

On the other hand, most Board members agree that many Congressmen are overawed by the record deficit numbers and may be unwilling to make deep enough tax cuts for fear of touching off a worse round of inflation. That fear partly explains the reluctance of the House Ways and Means Committee to go very far beyond Ford's tax cut proposals. The \$20 billion package of reductions that the committee rushed through last week—a permanent \$8.4

billion cut in personal income taxes, a one-time reduction of \$3.8 billion in corporate levies, and an \$8 billion rebate on 1974 income taxes for individuals—is not dramatically bigger than Ford's \$16 billion package.

Heller and other Board members worry that most legislators and citizens find it difficult to understand that the U.S. economy is so massive in size that revitalizing it requires seemingly huge deficits and tax cuts. As CEA chairman in 1964, Heller championed a \$12 billion tax cut that quickly accelerated what had been a slowly recovering economy. Production jumped, unemployment shrank, and rising incomes and profits boosted federal tax revenues; the deficit declined and the inflation rate held at about 2%—at least until the war

in Viet Nam was expanded. The whole economy has grown so much bigger since 1964 that to get the same amount of stimulus, Heller says, a \$27 billion tax cut would be needed today. But, he adds, an even greater injection of purchasing power than that is warranted today. His argument: "The recession now programmed by the budget is going to be 80% worse than any other postwar recession. The drop from peak to trough will be about 7½% in real gross national product, and the biggest drop we have had in any other postwar downturn was 3.9%." Most Board members insist that in an economy that flat, there is little danger of intensifying inflation by making substantial tax cuts.

On the monetary side, Board members were unanimous in urging that the

## The Vulnerable Managers

Recession's first victims are always at the lower end of the labor pyramid: the blue-collar worker, office staff and sales help. But the current slump is painfully hitting corporate managers and administrators, who in the past were relatively immune from layoffs. In January unemployment among managers hit the highest point in more than 15 years. Two typical examples:

► Until last November, Ed Bogota, 30, was earning more than \$25,000 a year as trust investment manager in the Manhattan office of the Corning Glass Works. Abruptly, his job was abolished. "I got caught in cost cutting," he explains. Bo-

overall national unemployment rate, these figures seem low. But while total unemployment between December 1973 and December 1974 rose by 48%, from 4.4 million to 6.5 million, unemployment among managers and administrators jumped by 85%, from 125,000 to 231,000. That was a sharper increase than for any other white-collar occupational group.

One reason for the vulnerability of executives in the current recession, says Social Scientist Peter Drucker, is that middle management in the past 20 years has grown three times as fast as total employment, and executive ranks are bloated. Hordes of postwar babies—now 28 years of age on the average—are crowding into middle-management positions in the \$25,000-and-up level. Says Eugene Jennings, professor of management at Michigan State University: "The older employees seem to be blocking up the corporate arteries." More than ever before, these middle-aged middle managers are being replaced by younger ones. The psychological toll, Jennings adds, is severe. "This is not part of the life-style for a middle-management person. It is literally a period of mental shock. They wonder: 'Why me?'" \*

Yet at the same time, there are plenty of job vacancies—for the right people in the right places. Robert Olivier, a Manhattan-based executive headhunter, reports the highest level of assignments in four years. "The distinct difference," he points out, "is that companies are generally upgrading their demands now. They are not settling for second best." Demand also varies geographically and by industry. Oil companies in the Southwest, for instance, need executives, housing, brokerage and merchant banking firms almost everywhere do not. One particularly promising area for experienced managers is the Middle East, where skilled Americans are often paid two or three times what they earned at home.

Jobless managers aged 40 or over have been seeking help from a nonprofit organization called Forty Plus that has branches in eleven cities. Staffed and directed entirely by volunteers, the organization keeps lists of the "right people" to contact at local companies and instructs new members in job-interview tactics and in the art of writing a competent résumé. Some résumé tips: eliminate all references to age—including college class and dates of employment—and stress accomplishment in describing previous jobs rather than simply listing the job title.

Discouragement and frustration pursue even the best bankrolled members. A British Airways employee for 15 years, Ed Maynes lost his \$30,000-a-year New York sales manager's job in December. "I know I am not going to be destitute," says Maynes, who has a sizable severance check and his wife's \$14,000-a-year salary to cushion his fall. But the 150 résumés he has sent out—125 of them to airlines—have evoked no favorable responses so far. "To be 50 years of age and looking for a job," he admits, "is a bitter pill to swallow."



COUNSELOR & CLIENT REHEARSING A JOB INTERVIEW

gota is willing now to take a 15% reduction in salary. But with jobs scarce in the investment field, he acknowledges that "it is a matter of luck taking it from here."

► After 21 years with Taplinger, Inc., a public relations firm, Bertha Kelly, 50, was making \$20,000 a year as vice president in charge of West Coast operations. When Taplinger merged with Rogers, Cowan & Brenner, Kelly was dismissed without severance. "I've had to learn to avoid all extravagance," she says. "In fact, I'm just scratching along." Her job prospects: dim.

Since 1958, when the Bureau of Labor Statistics first tracked unemployment by occupational categories, the jobless rate for managers and administrators had exceeded 2% only once (in 1961) until late last year. Then it shot up to 2.6% in December and 3.3% last month. Compared with the



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"The program began at one university in the Midwest. Interest was so great the Army decided to expand it across the country. Today, the program involves over 800 colleges and universities.

And it's still growing.

"Project Ahead's structure is basically simple. But its benefits to young people and their parents are enormous.

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you'll know beforehand the courses you'll need for credit at the school you want to graduate from.

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courses. (After your enlistment's over, you'll be eligible for 36 months of financial assistance under the G.I. Bill.)

"We, in the educational community, are enthusiastic about this new plan.

"In fact, many of us believe Project Ahead will be as important to young people entering the Army as the G.I. Bill has been to veterans."



**Dr. Arthur G. Hansen**  
President,  
Purdue University

# **and an Army General that lets you enlist in the Army at the same time.**



"Project Ahead is the most exciting idea in education that the Army has ever offered.

"Too often people in the service have taken college courses from one school, only to learn later those courses would not apply toward their degrees.

## **Project Ahead:**

Project Ahead intends to change all that.

"The Army, together with over 800 colleges and universities, has a plan. A cooperative system that lets you know ahead of time which courses you'll need for credit at the school you've applied to and want to graduate from.

"You'll be receiving up to 75% of the tuition for college courses you

**Gen. Fred C. Weyand  
Chief of Staff,  
U.S. Army**

take in the Army. And now you can make sure you get credit for the college courses you successfully complete.

"Project Ahead is by no means a free ride. Because while you're working toward a college degree, you'll be serving your country.

"You'll be a soldier full time. A student part time. You'll train hard. You'll

work hard. And you'll find that although a few years in the Army isn't the easiest way to earn a college education, it may be the most rewarding."

For more information about the Army's new educational program, Project Ahead, send the postcard. Or call 800-523-5000 toll free. (In Pa., 800-362-5696.)

**Join the people  
who've joined the Army.**

# If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.  
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.  
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.

All Winston will ever give me is taste.  
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,  
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av.  
per cigarette. FTC Report  
OCT. '74.

Federal Reserve Board quickly step up the increase in the money supply to an annual rate of between 6% and 8%. Their main concern is to make enough credit available for the most rapid recovery possible. Though Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns has been indicating that the Fed has been loosening its supertight money policy, Board members see little evidence of it.

Sprinkel notes that money supply in the last six months has been expanding at a meager 2%, and he—among most other experts—has long been calling for a greater growth. Interest rates have been dropping rapidly and will continue to decline. But that is due more to the recession and slackening loan demand than to the Federal Reserve's credit-easing moves. In fact, Okun says, "The Fed's policy this year seems to be the marriage-manual approach to monetary ease. Make it last, go slow, stretch it out and you enjoy it better that way." Adds Sprinkel: "The policy that the Fed is now following is risky because it is going to make the decline steeper and unemployment higher. Then, under political pressure, it will have to turn to big stimulus and we end up with inflation anyway."

**Higher Prices.** An overwhelming majority of the Board were opposed to the Administration's plan for conserving energy by increasing tariffs and taxes on both imported and domestically produced crude oil. Their main objection: it would kick prices even higher, adding more than two percentage points to the consumer price index, which now is rising at an annual rate of 12%. Their proposals for conserving fuel ran from continuing to rely on voluntarism (Sprinkel) to imposing import quotas, allocation systems and, if necessary, gasoline rationing (Heller).

With few exceptions, Board members contend that much of the nation's present economic troubles stem directly from policy mistakes of both the Nixon and Ford Administrations. The biggest miscalculation, in the Board's view, was the persistent pursuit of overly restrictive anti-inflation programs. In this, Treasury Secretary William Simon gets most of the blame for his strenuous emphasis on budget balancing. On monetary policy, the Fed is given low marks for its stingy money policies through much of the year. Says IBM's David Grove: "Underlying the Administration's policy was a judgment that it was overridingly important to get inflation under control, and it was prepared to take the risk involved. It lost."

Congress is certain to tilt Ford's budget more toward a strong recession-fighting posture than the Administration now seems ready to risk. Even so, the price for past policy misjudgments will be high: record unemployment, and the prospect that the world's biggest and potentially most productive economy will still be running well below capacity for some time to come.

## ENERGY

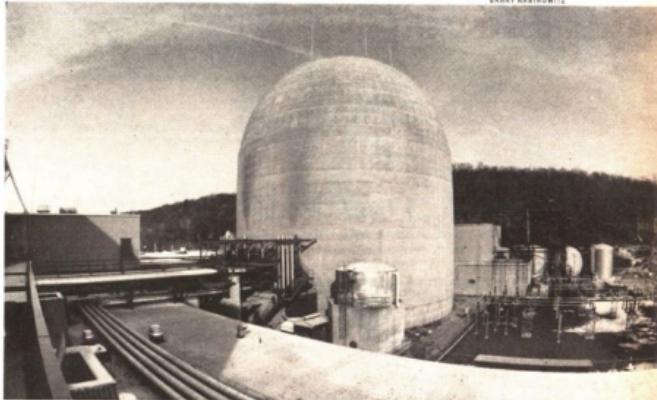
**Kissinger Lays Out His "Floor Plan"**

As U.S. energy policy has evolved lately, a number of Administration planners have concluded that the high world oil prices not only pose severe economic problems but also point the way to their solution. The argument: high or relatively high prices can be used to discourage consumption and, more important, to encourage investment in development of new energy sources.

Last week, in a speech before the National Press Club in Washington, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger made the strongest affirmation yet of that philosophy. The Secretary coupled a call for a "substantial" reduction in

essary to "bring about adequate investment in the development of conventional, nuclear and fossil energy sources." He urged the consuming nations to join the U.S. in a consortium that over the next ten years would invest \$500 billion in developing nuclear power, synthetic fuels and other energy alternatives. At the same time, he made a carrot-and-stick offer to the OPEC countries. The oil producers, said the Secretary, can "accept a significant price reduction now in return for stability over a longer period. Or they can run the risk of a dramatic break in prices when the program of alternative sources begins to pay off."

BARRY RABINOWITZ



WORLD'S LARGEST COMMERCIAL NUCLEAR POWER PLANT IN HADDAM NECK, CONN.  
Encouraging investment in the search for alternative energy supplies.

the price of oil with an argument that there is a minimum level below which the price should not be allowed to sink. He asked all the major consuming nations to join the U.S. in establishing a "common floor" for the price, to be maintained through import tariffs or other means.

Kissinger's floor plan was submitted to the Paris-based International Energy Agency last week by Assistant Secretary Thomas Enders. IEA officials were noncommittal. Neither Kissinger nor Enders has said publicly where the floor might be. The level most often mentioned in Washington is \$7 or \$8 per bbl. That is far above the \$2.65 import price that prevailed before the Arab oil embargo of October 1973, but it is also \$3 to \$4 below the \$10.80 per bbl. basic price currently dictated by the 13-member Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries.

The core of Kissinger's argument for a minimum price was that it was nec-

In sum, Kissinger's basic strategy for dealing with the oil cartel is 1) to threaten the OPEC countries with a break in prices in the future as the consuming countries gain greater energy independence, and 2) to hold out to the producers the promise of stable income over the long term if they agree to cooperate with the needs of the consumers now.

**Unclear Returns.** Yet Kissinger's proposal was greeted skeptically by oil users and producers and its chances for broad acceptance seem uncertain at best. In Western Europe and Japan, which are far more dependent on OPEC oil than is the U.S., critics argue that the floor plan is mainly aimed at getting the rest of the industrial world to safeguard a big U.S. investment in costlier sources of energy. The critics fear that they would be locked into a long-term commitment to high-cost energy that would offer unclear returns far off in the future. Japan's Foreign Minister Kiichi Miyazawa said that he considered the floor

plan "beyond the bounds of reason" for his country. The producing countries were cool too. OPEC leaders believe that only continued high prices will serve their dual purpose of building up purchasing power and preventing the rapid depletion of oil sources.

There is considerable doubt in and out of Washington about just how effective a floor price would be in promoting energy development, particularly in the U.S. Atlantic Richfield Co. and three other firms recently suspended a big oil-shale project in Colorado after cost estimates for a 50,000 bbl.-per-day plant jumped from \$450 million to \$800 million. A price of \$7 for oil, concluded the Federal Energy Administration in its Project Independence Blueprint last fall, could boost consumption back to wasteful levels while providing only a slight stimulus to production, thus actually increasing U.S. dependence on foreign oil.

The long-term impact of Kissinger's floor on OPEC is equally uncertain. There are no signs that the cartel will break up soon. Its members have proved that they have the cohesiveness to cut oil production at sharply varying rates in order to maintain the \$10.80 price. Over the past year, the OPEC nations as a whole reduced output by 21%. Some countries have cut back even more: Iraq by 27%, Kuwait by 39%, Libya by 72%. They may well reduce production further instead of competing among each other and slashing prices. The producers feel that they ultimately gain more by pumping less at the current high price than by pumping more at lower prices.

**Sealed Bids.** One vocal critic of the Kissinger floor plan, Economist Arthur Okun, argues that the consuming nations can best cope with OPEC by bargaining with them individually. If the consuming nations were to insist on, say, taking sealed bids for their oil-import needs, Okun says, some OPEC nations would be sure to start breaking the price line sooner or later. In any case, Okun worries, if the consuming countries try to deal with the producers as a bloc they might just "solidify the position of OPEC as a bargaining agent for its member nations."

Other critics, including some within the Administration, have misgivings about the oil-conservation effort that would complement the floor-plan strategy. Kissinger is a champion of the Administration's declared goal of reducing imports by 1 million bbl. per day this year. Many economists and politicians wonder if the cost of achieving such a reduction might be too much at a time of high inflation and increasing unemployment. But Kissinger argues persuasively that the price of less dramatic action could be higher. As he said in his speech last week: "Unless the industrial nations demonstrate the political will to act effectively in all areas, the producers will be further tempted to take advantage of our vulnerability."



ARABS LOOKING OVER NEW AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES IN A KUWAIT SHOWROOM

## Here Comes the New Optimism

Wealth means power, and the sharp rise in oil prices promises to bring a great deal more of that to the producers' cartel. Last May the World Bank startled the international community with a grim forecast that oil country surpluses would reach \$653 billion by 1980, and an incredible \$1.2 trillion by 1985. Surpluses on this scale would mean deep deficits and an era of unprecedented political and economic strains among the consuming countries.

Lately, however, a kind of new optimism about the future size and strain-causing potential of OPEC surpluses has been gaining vogue. Several revisionist studies suggest that the OPEC surpluses may not be all that troublesome. The most sanguine of these, a "scenario" published last month by Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., estimates that OPEC's total surplus could peak at \$248 billion in 1978, and diminish to \$179 billion by the decade's end. The World Bank sharply revised its earlier prediction for 1980 down to \$250 billion, expressed in 1974 dollars (that figure does not include inflation, while the Morgan figures do).

Otmar Emminger, vice president of the West German Central Bank, and Thomas Willett, a deputy assistant secretary of the U.S. Treasury, have offered similar views. Citing a study by Willett, Treasury Secretary William Simon told a Senate subcommittee two weeks ago that OPEC surpluses might amount to "only" \$200 billion to \$250 billion by the end of the decade. Simon's message: the burdens posed for the industrial countries by the flow of petrodollars to the OPEC nations could be more "manageable" than had been thought.

Two assumptions underlie the new optimism. The first is that world demand for OPEC oil will increase only slightly, if at all, through 1980. The second is that the 13 OPEC nations have a greater capacity to absorb exports from the consuming countries than anticipated. The optimists figure that many of the OPEC members will be importing more and more—and moving toward a payments balance and ultimately a deficit—as the decade progresses.

**Consumption Cut.** The assumptions are buttressed by recent trends. In Europe, oil consumption declined 7% in 1974; in the U.S. it fell by 3%. Last week 17 members of the International Energy Agency agreed to cut their total oil imports by two million bbl. a day this year. Exploration for oil in the North Sea, Alaska and Mexico, and research into alternative forms of energy, continue apace.

At the same time, imports by the oil producers have been growing phenomenally. Morgan Guaranty estimates that total OPEC imports jumped some 75% in 1974, a startling figure even when inflation is taken into account. The cartel countries spent \$50 billion of their 1974 oil revenues of \$105 billion on goods and services from the rest of the world. In the first nine months of 1974, Italy's exports to Iran and the Arab countries were 92% greater than in the same period the year before; U.S. exports were up a full 85%.

Underpopulated, oil-rich lands like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates are clearly less capable than countries like Iran and Venezuela to buy up Western exports, but they have been funneling loans and grants to oth-

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er, more crowded Arab nations eager to join the shopping spree. Says Yale Economist Richard Cooper: "Once you start giving to Egypt, there's a lot of money that can be spent." The industrial countries, which are generally short of capital, could use OPEC surpluses invested in their economies to create additional goods and services for export.

There are, however, reasons to question the notion that the oil producers' surpluses will stop growing soon. Economist Rimmer de Vries, editor of the Morgan Guaranty study, forecasts a 20% average annual rise by volume in imports by OPEC countries. But as the volume of imports grows, such a rate might well become increasingly difficult to sustain, especially for countries with primitive domestic economies. Armaments made up about one-tenth of imports last year. Shipments of war materiel cannot continue to increase—unless the selling nations are willing to take even graver risks that a conflagration will erupt in the Middle East.

When estimating the surplus for 1980, the optimists tend to lump the cartel countries together. But the populous nations (Iran, Venezuela, Nigeria) may register payments deficits in several years, while the lightly populated countries of the Persian Gulf will be building ever bigger surpluses. The Morgan Guaranty report concedes that in 1980, Saudi Arabia's surplus will bulge at \$100 billion, by far the world's highest.

**Cartel Break-Up.** The super-optimistic scenario is that some OPEC nations that run into deficits will try to increase revenues by stepping up oil production. If demand does not increase at the same time, they will ask Saudi Arabia and the other surplus countries to cut back their own output to keep the cartel's production constant. And that could break up OPEC.

The latest forecasts are based on some necessarily fragile assumptions. While Morgan Guaranty's de Vries is convinced that "the problem of the oil deficit will work itself out in the longer term," he warns that the immediate prospect for the consuming countries is still "a very serious financial gap" between income and outgo. Indeed, if Treasury's Simon is right, OPEC's surplus of \$200 billion to \$250 billion by 1980 will give it incredible financial—and political—strength.

Because recycling of oil funds can no longer be handled adequately by the world's overextended banking system, de Vries favors early establishment of the so-called "safety net," the \$25 billion international recycling fund proposed by U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to help consumer countries get emergency loans to cover their oil deficits. The danger of the new optimism is it will encourage political leaders to back away from difficult or costly measures—setting up the safety net, for instance—that will be needed to deal with an economic threat that is still very real.

## INVESTMENT

### Breaking a Bank Barrier

Leaders of the oil-producing nations, particularly the Arabs, are greatly confused about whether their investment money is really welcome in the U.S. Though many American businessmen say that they want and need to earn back the petrodollars, the Arabs often find that their attempts to invest in U.S. business are blocked. This is particularly the case in banking. Within the past three weeks, adverse local reaction has forced two Arab businessmen to abandon unrelated attempts to gain control of banks in San Jose, Calif., and Pontiac, Mich. (TIME, Feb. 3). Now, however, a wealthy and well-connected Saudi Arabian entrepreneur, Ghaith Pharaon, 34, seems to have cracked the banking barrier. For an estimated \$10 million, Pharaon has bought a controlling one-third interest in Detroit's ailing Bank of the Commonwealth (as-

mon stock and 32% of its preferred to Pharaon).

Pharaon is the son of a former Saudi diplomat and Cabinet Minister who is now one of King Faisal's top political advisers. Young Ghaith (the name means "abundant rain") was raised in France and educated at Stanford (class of 1963) and the Harvard Business School. Armed with an impressive list of U.S. business contacts, he returned to the Middle East in 1966, invested in land and built a personal fortune. He is chairman of ten companies involved in investments, insurance and construction, primarily in Saudi Arabia. An Italian executive with business interests in the Middle East says that Pharaon is "very much in the American mold, the kind of person you might expect to be a young partner in an investment bank if he were an American."

**Grand Plans.** In the Commonwealth deal, Pharaon's adviser was Roger Tamraz, a Lebanese dealmaker. Pharaon has his own grand, if vaguely



JIM ROSENBERG—DETROIT FREE PRESS

COMMONWEALTH DIRECTOR JAMES T. BARNES JR. & SAUDI BUYER GHAIY PHARAON  
"I don't know why anyone should be concerned."

sets: \$1 billion), which is the sixth biggest in Michigan.

Commonwealth had been taken over by Chase Manhattan in 1971, after it was forced into a corner by a combination of bad loans and poor investments in real estate and low-paying municipal bonds. Unable to stanch a steady decline in deposits, Chase negotiated a loan from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. to keep the bank afloat, then in 1972 sold its interest to large Detroit mortgage company owned by James T. Barnes and his son James Jr. When Commonwealth's losses hit \$3.2 million last year, the Barneses in turn agreed to sell 40% of the bank's com-

In a similar form of discrimination, more than a dozen European investment banks owned by Jews have been blacklisted from financial transactions recently. Kuwait banks, under pressure from Arab governments, have sought with some success to exclude N.M. Rothschild & Sons, S.G. Warburg & Co., Lazar Frères and others from international deals involving European as well as Arab funds.

defined plans for using Commonwealth as a "vehicle" to promote the export of Detroit's industrial technology to the Middle East while encouraging Arab countries to deposit petrodollars in the U.S.

"Investment by Middle Easterners in this part of the world should be welcome," Pharaon says. "The Americans believe somebody's going to come and buy everything in sight. I don't know why anyone should be concerned." He adds that he "would like American companies to set up manufacturing plants" in the Arab world and aims to use Commonwealth to encourage them to do so. If the FDIC approves his purchase as expected, Pharaon plans to begin a series of unspecified "project studies." These, he says, will lead in six to eight months to serious bargaining, presumably about joint manufacturing ventures, between businessmen in the Middle East and the American Midwest.

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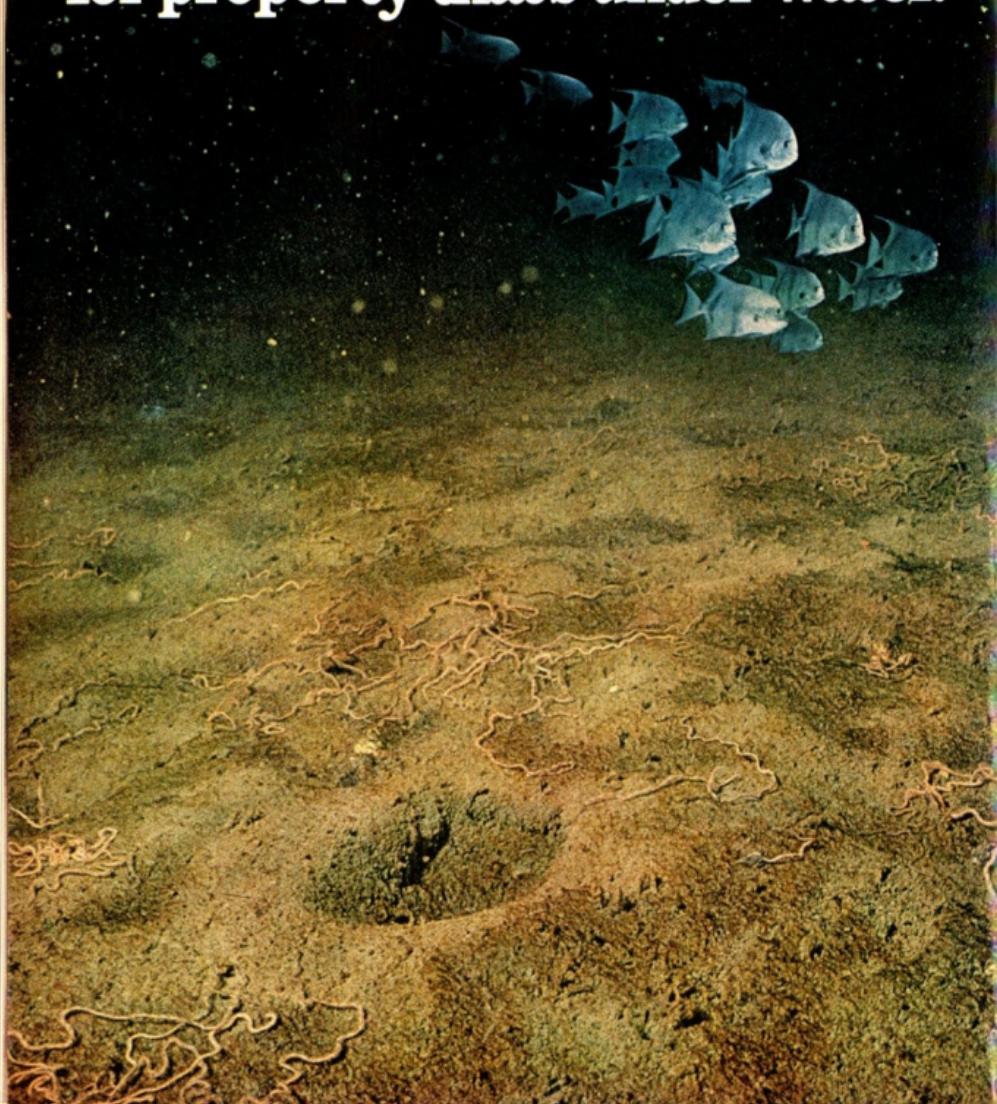
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## MIDDLE EAST

## Last Chance for Kissinger's Step-by-Step?

Since the October war of 1973, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has made five trips to the Middle East, convinced that his personalized, step-by-step approach to diplomacy will prove more fruitful than the reconvention of a multinational peace conference in Geneva. So far, Kissinger's accomplishments have borne out his beliefs. Warring armies have been pulled apart on the Sinai and the Golan Heights; United Nations peace keepers have been inserted, and some Israeli-occupied territory has been returned to Arab sovereignty.

This week, as Kissinger departed for a scheduled sixth trip to Israel, Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, there were worries that this might be the last chance for his step-by-step approach. Foreshadowing Kissinger's visit, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko concluded a Middle East tour of his own to press the Russian preference—a return to Geneva. Syrian President Hafez Assad, the most unbending leader of the Arab confrontation powers, supports that preference. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat still has hopes that Kissinger can achieve further progress; nonetheless, the joint Egyptian-Soviet communiqué issued after Gromyko's visit reflected Sadat's desire for eventual resumption of the Geneva conference. Even members of Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin's government, which long worried about the negative hand of Soviet diplomacy, now say that they have "no fear" about going to Geneva, even though they would prefer to negotiate with the Arabs through Kissinger.

**Little Help.** The Secretary said that his latest Middle East trip was merely to make soundings. He will return next month for actual negotiations based on what he learns now. If there is no movement in March, he may give up the effort. The great uncertainty was how much maneuvering room Kissinger had. The Israelis have expressed a willingness to pull back their armed forces from the strategic Mitla and Giddi passes in the Sinai Peninsula and return the Abu Rudeis oilfields to Egypt. In exchange they want a declaration of nonbelligerency from Egypt—something that Sadat cannot give until there is an overall settlement, including the Golan Heights, the West Bank and recognition of the Palestinians.

In trying to keep the step-by-step approach alive, Kissinger received little help from the Soviet Foreign Minister. Gromyko and the Syrians composed another joint call for the reopening of the

Geneva talks and also proposed a set time for discussions to begin—no later than early March, shortly before the United Nations' peace-keeping mandates in the Sinai and Golan Heights demilitarized zones expire. Gromyko obviously meant to use the Soviet-Syrian communique as a way to pressure Sadat, who so far has steadfastly resisted Soviet demands for talks in Geneva until he determines how much Kissinger's step-by-step strategy can accomplish.

Sadat apparently withheld the new pressure. After a four-hour talk with "my friend Gromyko," Sadat announced

that they were agreed only on an "early" resumption of Geneva talks. Meanwhile, Sadat held to his determination to start first step by step with "my friend Henry." Sadat, however, may feel new pressures from Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, who, Gromyko said, intends to visit Cairo "shortly."

**Order Blank.** At week's end, despite Israeli willingness to make further withdrawals in the Sinai, the Secretary had not received from Jerusalem a concrete proposal of concessions that he could put to Egypt's Sadat. At the same time, he had not heard from Cairo any plan that suitably compensates the Israelis for withdrawing troops beyond the Sinai passes. Israel would like Sadat to formalize remarks the Egyptian President made in Paris two weeks ago, when he told newsmen that neither Egypt nor Syria would attack Israel. Said Premier Rabin in a speech last week: "As we say in the army, let him put it on an order blank and we have a breakthrough, a chance at agreement."

Complicating Kissinger's negotiations is a long-smoldering political crisis in Israel that limits Premier Rabin's ability to maneuver. "There is no country in the world where foreign and domestic policies are so intimately related as they are in Israel," a Foreign Ministry official involved in the U.S. Secretary's visit told TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin last week. "If Rabin gets an agreement that points to progress and the normalization of relations with Egypt, he can get over the domestic problem. Otherwise the problem will be severe."

Rabin's "domestic problem" is that while he has had no failures as Premier since he replaced Golda Meir last May, he also has had no major successes, and his popularity within Israel is fading. Israel's slow recovery from the war and its eroding image abroad have caused some Israelis to question his leadership. If Rabin's fragile coalition majority in the Knesset were to collapse, there are several men who are not only willing but eager to succeed him. One potential future Premier is articulate Defense Minister Shimon Peres. Another is former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, who was recently cleared by a fact-finding commission of responsibility for

GROMYKO &amp; SADAT IN CAIRO



FREDERICK MCKEEEN

## THE WORLD

Israel's poor showing at the outset of the October war.

Although Rabin is leader of the dominant Labor Party as well as Premier, he has consistently ignored party apparatchiks and rarely sat in on their caucuses. The party is now so deeply in debt—an estimated \$4 million—that its headquarters in Tel Aviv has trouble paying its telephone bills. Ironically, according to some critics, the chances of peace might actually improve if the dovish Rabin were replaced by either Peres or Dayan, both of whom have reputations as hawks. The theory is that a noted hard-liner would be better able than Rabin to convince the Israelis that they will have to give up not only large parts of the Sinai, which even opposition politicians are ready to surrender, but also the more sensitive areas of the Golan Heights and the West Bank in return for an Arab commitment to guarantee peace and secure borders for Israel.

## BRITAIN

### No Time for Post-Mortems

As Tory M.P.s trickled into Committee Room 14 of the House of Commons last week to vote on the leadership of their party, former Prime Minister Edward Heath had every reason to feel confident that he would be re-elected. After all, the polls showed that he was the first choice of 63% of all Tory supporters; he had been endorsed by virtually every member of the Conservatives' shadow Cabinet, as well as by hundreds of local Tory associations across Britain. But the results of the secret ballot were a shock: maverick M.P. Margaret Thatcher (see box) received 130 votes to 119 for Heath and 16 for patrician M.P. Hugh Fraser (there were eleven abstentions). After consulting with friends and political aides, Heath

announced that he would not be a candidate in the second and third rounds of voting—required because Mrs. Thatcher failed by nine votes to get an absolute majority.

"It has been a great privilege to serve my party as its leader and my country as its Prime Minister," said Heath as he stepped down as Tory chief. "I should like to thank all those who through the years, in hard times as well as good, have given me their support and friendship."

To some political observers, the real surprise was not that Heath went down to defeat but that he had stayed in command of the party as long as he had. His general-election record was poor (one win and three losses to Harold Wil-

### Britain's *La Pasionaria* of Privilege

In posing her successful challenge to former Prime Minister Edward Heath last week, Margaret Hilda Thatcher, 49, became the first woman ever to make a serious bid for leadership of a British political party. Only a few months ago, she would hardly have rated even in any list of contenders. Mrs. Thatcher herself allowed that she did not think that the Conservative Party would be ready for a woman chief in her lifetime. Whether or not she manages to secure a second-ballot victory this week, the controversial M.P.—whom the London *Sun* once dubbed "the most unpopular woman in England"—is now firmly entrenched as

a major force in the traditionally male world of British politics.

Perhaps a greater political liability than her sex is Mrs. Thatcher's frosty, class-ridden public image. Her impeccably permed hair, unabashedly tweedy wardrobe, ever-present strand of pearls and garden-party hats draw parodists' attention more irresistibly than do similar badges of class in male M.P.s. Says one Conservative backbencher: "She's not only a woman. She's the wrong sort of woman. She might be acceptable in the suburbs and seaside resort areas. I cannot see her making much of an impact in the industrial northeast and Scotland. After all, she's a very suburban lady."

But the caricature does not quite fit. Beneath that unrefined exterior is a steely, strong-minded woman of disciplined ambition and impressive intelligence. A grocer's daughter, she won a scholarship to Oxford, where she earned an M.A. in chemistry. At 23 she was a practicing research chemist, a law student in her spare time and a parliamentary candidate running for her first office—all while preparing for her marriage to now wealthy oilman Denis Thatcher. She lost that election, but after giving birth to twins and working several years as a barrister specializing in tax law, she entered the House of Commons in 1959 as Member for the London suburb of Finchley.

Mrs. Thatcher finally reached Cabinet rank in 1970, when Heath named her Minister of Education and Science. She survived nearly four stormy years in the post, upholding the then unfashionable

principle of meritocracy against the open-enrollment school policies established by the Labor governments of the '60s. In one furiously criticized venture, she raised the price of school lunches and cut off the free milk rations for some 3.5 million children, earning for herself the bitter playground chant, "Thatcher, milk snatcher." The \$20.7 million per year that she thus saved was used to help finance an ambitious educational-reform program.

In recent months, Mrs. Thatcher has become the Conservatives' principal frontbench spokesman on economic and tax policy. A feisty debater, she has repeatedly discomfited Labor ministers with relentlessly logical and prodigiously well-informed attacks. Her continuous salvos against the Wilson government's proposals for higher tax rates on inherited wealth finally provoked Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey to call her "La Pasionaria of Privilege."<sup>\*\*</sup> Mrs. Thatcher's rejoinder: "Some Chancellors are macroeconomic, some fiscal; this one is just plain cheap."

Although aligned ideologically with the Conservative Party's right wing, she has won respect—and perhaps some support—from the left and center as well. The energy apparent in her spirited, sun-footed performances in the House has injected new life into a flagging party. After Heath's lackluster performance for most of last year, this vigor alone accounts for much of Mrs. Thatcher's appeal. "I just make lists of things to do and get a lot of pleasure in ticking them off," she once explained. And she has a long, long list.

<sup>\*\*</sup> "La Pasionaria" was the pen name of Dolores Ibárruri, a Communist leader and propagandist during the Spanish Civil War, who is credited as being the author of the aphorism that "it is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees."



TORY M.P. MARGARET THATCHER

son's Laborites). He also had a largely well-deserved reputation for refusing to take anyone's counsel but his own, as well as an unendearing public image as a prickly, self-righteous schoolmaster. Paradoxically, some of the handicaps that led to his downfall had helped keep him in power. After ten years of Heath's lofty exercise of party leadership, the Conservatives were left without anyone of even vaguely comparable experience or stature to turn to. In a recent pro-Heath editorial, *The Economist* magazine labeled all of Heath's Tory colleagues "pygmies"—adding that Heath had made them so. In a sense, anyone who toppled Heath would have had to be a dark-horse candidate.

**One Nation.** Some of Mrs. Thatcher's support undoubtedly came from disgruntled backbench M.P.s who felt that their talent had gone unrecognized and untapped by Heath. Most of her votes, however, came from the party's right wing, which believed that Heath's Disraeli-inspired "one nation" policy—particularly his publicly expressed willingness to join Labor in a coalition government—constituted a betrayal of traditional Tory principles. Although Heath's gruff confrontation tactics with Britain's powerful miners' union cost the Tories the general elections last February, his more mellow conciliatory tone in the unsuccessful October campaign cost him the support of party hard-liners. The right wing also bridled at Heath's use of government intervention to prop up ailing firms and restrain wage demands.

Despite her impressive showing last week, Mrs. Thatcher is not ensured a victory in the next rounds of balloting. She may have drawn a sizable number of protest votes that will now be split between the four candidates who did not enter the first round out of personal loyalty to Heath. Her strongest opponent is William Whitelaw, 56, who became party chairman last year after a universally acclaimed performance as Heath's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. The jovial, bushy-browed Whitelaw's greatest asset may be his incorrigible amiability. But his critics contend that he lacks both the temperament and the intellect to deal with the heated polemic exchanges that characterize parliamentary debate. Especially in the critical field of economics, Whitelaw would have a hard time standing up to the combined dialectics and expertise of Prime Minister Harold Wilson and Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey.

The other candidates are: James Prior, 47, a liberal Tory who is shadow Secretary of Employment; John Peyton, 56, a traditional, partisan Tory who is shadow leader of the House; and Sir Geoffrey Howe, 50, a liberal opposition spokesman on social affairs. Of these three, only Prior is considered a serious contender, but all of them could siphon off support from Mrs. Thatcher.

Although they will split the "stop Thatcher" vote on the second ballot, they are expected to rally behind Whitelaw—the odds-on favorite—in the third.

In stepping down as party chief, Heath is not abandoning politics. He will retain his seat in Commons and will serve as the Conservatives' chief pro-Common Market spokesman in the national referendum that Wilson plans to hold before the end of June. Behind the scenes, Heath will be working hard to see that the Tories do not drift too

far to the right. In this endeavor, he will have plenty of backbench support; even M.P.s who voted against Heath were touched by the personal sadness of this formidable, lonely man going down to unexpected defeat. But with the focus turning immediately to the next phase of elections, there was little time for sentimental post-mortems. As the notoriously hardheaded Mrs. Thatcher put it, "I'll always be fond of dear Ted, but there's no sympathy in politics."



SOLDIERS OF THE ERITREAN LIBERATION FRONT ON TRAINING MANEUVERS

#### ETHIOPIA

## Appointment in Asmara

For decades, the "empire" of Ethiopia has really been nothing more than a collection of disparate feuding fiefdoms held together by the military power of deposed Emperor Haile Selassie and the aristocratic Amhara tribe of the Central Highlands. Last week, as fighting flared across the northern province of Eritrea, the old empire appeared to be on the verge of civil war and perhaps of actual disintegration.

The center of the battle was the palm-fringed city of Asmara, Eritrea's capital, which was rocked by mortar, bazooka and howitzer fire as rebel commandos attacked army and navy installations. One exchange caught a group of 30 Americans, including the local consul, in a social club; they gamely sang *John Brown's Body* and other traditional songs as tracer bullets arced overhead. A U.S. communications base was hit in another assault. Throughout the week, Ethiopian planes bombed and strafed guerrilla concentrations and mud-hut villages suspected of supporting the rebels. By week's end, according to some accounts, as many as 2,000 people had been killed.

The troubles in Eritrea date back to 1962, when Haile Selassie annexed the former Italian colony. Over the years, the rebel forces of the predominantly Moslem Eritrean Liberation Front gained control of the countryside, but have never made much headway against Ethiopian forces amassed at Asmara. Even after Haile Selassie was overthrown last September, the position of the guerrillas did not improve appreciably—partly because the front man for the new military government, General Aman Michael Andom, was himself an Eritrean and tried to solve the problem by granting greater autonomy to the province. Ever since Andom was killed last November by some of his own subordinates, however, the two sides in the Eritrean dispute have been headed for war.

The showdown came two weeks ago. The Ethiopian government, which had been toying with the idea of negotiating with the rebels, bluntly announced that it had decided instead to crush them by force. The same day, Eritrean guerrillas—armed to the hilt by Libya, Algeria and other militant Arab powers—am-

## THE WORLD

bushed and burned seven fuel trucks 30 miles from the Eritrean port of Assab. Two days later, they destroyed an Ethiopian army column, then launched the heaviest assault on the provincial capital in the 13-year history of the revolt.

The unrest spread beyond Eritrea to Tigray province, just south of Asmara, where guerrillas blew up a bridge and halted a convoy of 50 army tanks bound for the relief of the city. In Addis Ababa, a few skirmishes took place between nervous soldiers and civilians. The government was said to be setting up three concentration camps in the capital in possible preparation for the internment of tens of thousands of Eritreans who live there. In case serious fighting breaks out in the city, the junta was reported to be moving Haile Selassie from the National Palace to a secret hideout in the country. The military rulers do not want the former Emperor to be killed, because they know that they would be blamed

for his death, and they are still acutely sensitive to the reaction of other African leaders to his fate.

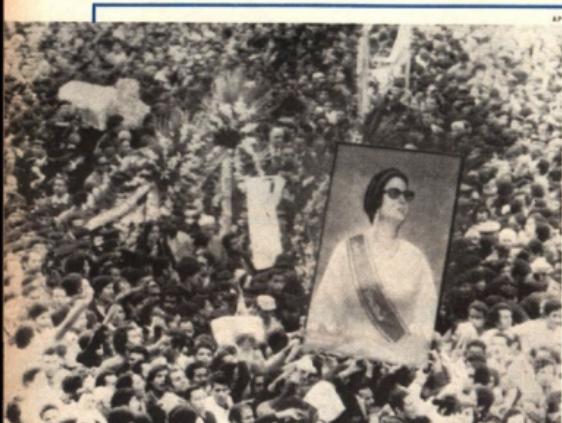
In its official statements, the Addis Ababa junta discounted the seriousness of the Eritrean revolt. But in Beirut, an Eritrean guerrilla leader vowed that if the Ethiopian government should try to step up the fighting, "the whole northeast of Africa shall burn."

**Civil War.** Grandiose as that boast may be, the rebel leader had a point. As the fighting in Asmara indicated, the guerrilla force may well be too large and too well armed to be defeated militarily. Moreover, Ethiopia today is ruled by an unstable, volatile military government riven with quarreling factions. If full-scale fighting continues in the north, the junta could easily find itself in the middle of a multisided civil war in which the chief casualty might turn out to be the ancient empire itself—and its military rulers.

## TURKEY

### Strains in an Old Alliance

For more than a quarter of a century, dating back to the Truman Doctrine in 1947, Turkey has marched step by step with the U.S. on defense. The pattern of close bilateral relations between the two countries was later expanded under the NATO and CENTO treaties, and by 1975 U.S. military and economic aid to Turkey had reached a total of more than \$6.5 billion. Last week the U.S. military-aid pipeline was abruptly cut off in accordance with a congressional order that all arms assistance be suspended until substantial progress is made in reaching a settlement on Cyprus. The cutoff was enacted last fall by an enraged Congress, following an invasion of the island by Turkish forces using American arms. Its purpose was to pressure Ankara into



CAIRO CROWDS SURROUND UMM KULTHUM'S COFFIN & PICTURE



IN CONCERT BEFORE RETIREMENT

## Funeral for a Nightingale

Few Westerners ever fathomed the appeal of Umm Kulthum, the buxom, handkerchief-waving Egyptian singer who was known to her Middle Eastern fans as "the Nightingale of the Nile." She had a stentorian contralto and a quavering wail that grated on the ears of those attuned to the trills of opera divas. But her voice was a near-perfect instrument for expressing the sinuous quarter tones of Arabic music.

Last week, at 76, Umm Kulthum died of a cerebral hemorrhage. She retired two years ago, and even before that her appearances were few. However, her public funeral rivaled that of Gamal Abdel Nasser's four years ago. Arab heads of state sent condolences, airlines laid on extra flights and railroads added trains to accommodate mourners. A frenzied crowd of a million people followed her funeral procession through Cairo streets, weeping and chanting "Goodbye to the lady." After rites at Sharqass Mosque, the crowd carried

the coffin to the suburb of Basatin, where she was buried.

Umm Kulthum was born into a peasant family at Timay el Zahaira in the Nile Delta, where she developed her unique style by chanting Koranic verses for her father. When he took her to Cairo to sing, she was an instant success. Not only was her voice strong, but she perfected a technique of rephrasing passages—she once sang a single line 52 different ways—that drove audiences to rapture. Her repertoire ranged from love songs to political ballads to adaptations of Moslem poetry, including Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*.

In 1937 she began a series of radio broadcasts on the first Thursday evening of each month that spread her fame across the Arab world. Concerts and records made a fortune for Umm Kulthum, who in private life was the wife of a Cairo physician. She also gave generously to Arab causes, and eventually Arab songwriters composed not only for her but about her. One verse: "Lovers, oh night, have deserted their beds and gathered, on night, and I among them. Yes, all of them left their beds and gathered to listen to Umm Kulthum."

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Chocolate Mint  
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Shake with ice  
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**Chocolate Stinger**  
1½ oz. Hiram Walker  
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½ oz. Hiram Walker  
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1 oz. cream  
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## Hiram Walker Cordials

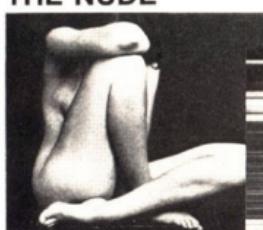
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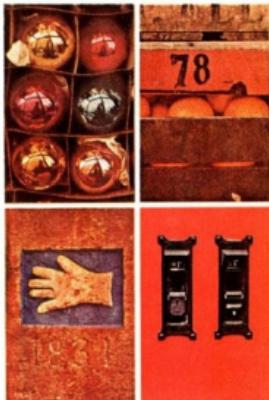
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## ABSTRACT



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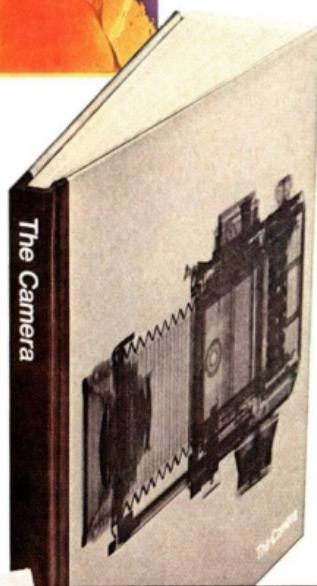
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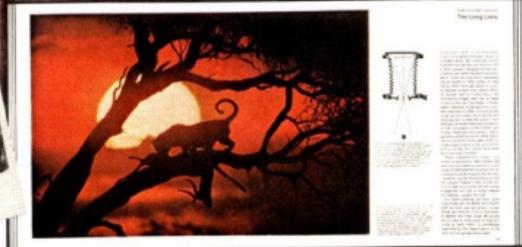
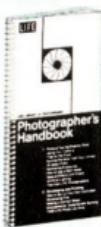


## NATURE

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DEMONSTRATORS IN ATHENS (LEFT) BEFORE AID CUTOFF; TURKISH PREMIER SADI IRMAK (RIGHT) AT PRESS CONFERENCE

withdrawing its troops from Cyprus and allowing the resettlement of the 200,000 refugees (mostly Greek Cypriots) who were left homeless by the war.

Sadly enough, Congress's cutoff of aid to Turkey not only failed to break the deadlock in negotiations over Cyprus but may have exacerbated it. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger called the cutoff "a tragedy" and warned that it could have potentially far-reaching effects if Turkey makes good on its implied threat to reduce its participation in NATO, thus jeopardizing the eastern flank of the Atlantic alliance.

**Serious Consequences.** Official Turkish reaction was guarded; nonetheless, there was general anger at Congress's action. In Ankara, Turkish Premier Sadi Irmak suspended bilateral talks on the future of American military installations in his country, and Foreign Minister Melih Esenbel canceled talks about Cyprus with Kissinger in Brussels.

There were hints that much more serious consequences might ensue—ranging from the closing of NATO's vital early-warning installations in Turkey, which monitor troop movements and missile activity in the Soviet Union, to a gradual shift in the country's foreign policy toward a more neutral stance. As Parliamentary Deputy Haluk Ulman put it, "If the U.S. decides that it can live without Turkey, then Turkey must learn to live without the Western world." Turkish-Cypriot Leader Rauf Denktaş, moreover, warned that the aid cutoff might provoke the proclamation of an independent Turkish-Cypriot state.

The suspension of arms assistance and sales involves a total package of more than \$200 million, including \$90 million in sales, \$80 million in grants, and \$10 million for supply services. Also covered by the ban is a \$230 million contract for the modernization of Turkey's U.S.-made M-48 tanks, which was to have begun in two years.

For congressional opponents, the essential issue was whether such aid and sales were legal while Turkey was using American arms to occupy Cyprus. Missouri Democratic Senator Thomas Eagleton, the principal spokesman for the

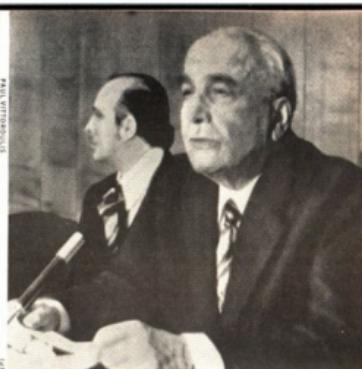
advocates of the cutoff, argued that the Turkish military operation on Cyprus—even though it was a response to the coup engineered by the deposed military junta in Athens—directly violated the terms of the 1961 Foreign Assistance Act and the 1968 Foreign Military Sales Act. Both provide for sanctions against any ally who uses U.S. arms for other than defensive purposes and, more specifically, who uses U.S. arms against another ally (in this case Greece). In addition to the two laws governing arms aid and sales, Eagleton and his congressional colleagues pointed to a bilateral agreement explicitly forbidding Turkey's use of American arms on Cyprus without U.S. permission.

Last September Congress set Dec. 10 as a deadline for the aid cutoff "unless and until" substantial progress was made, such as a major withdrawal of Turkey's 35,000 troops from Cyprus or resettlement of a major portion—some suggested 80,000—of the Greek-Cypriot refugees. That deadline was later extended to Feb. 5.

In a meeting with congressional leaders preceding last week's cutoff, Kissinger conceded that he was unable to report the substantial progress toward a settlement that Congress required. He promised that "in accordance with the law," all military deliveries would stop. But he warned that the cutoff would "greatly complicate" his efforts to mediate peace in the Mediterranean.

Privately, Kissinger was much more outspoken. He has bitterly denounced the decision as an unwarranted interference in the day-to-day conduct of foreign policy that has come at the worst possible time. Nevertheless, he is actively seeking a compromise with Congress in support of U.S. strategic interests in Turkey that he hopes will get the Cyprus negotiations off dead center.

Several hundred demonstrators who had gathered outside the American embassy in Athens disbanded when they heard that aid had in fact been cut off, but there was little cause for jubilation among Greek officials. As one government spokesman put it, "We're still in a deadlock. It would have been much



better if the threat of cutting off the aid had caused Turkey to make a significant concession, such as giving back the city of Famagusta."

There was widespread satisfaction among the Greek-Cypriot public, which saw the cutoff as the first official recognition by a Western power that Turkey was an aggressor in Cyprus. President Archbishop Makarios maintained a diplomatic silence on the development, stating that he did not wish to give the impression that he was interfering in U.S. internal affairs. Two days before the deadline, however, Makarios said that not only had there been no progress toward a settlement but "the situation, far from improving, had deteriorated."

## PERU

### The Limazo Riots

The leftist military revolution in Peru, as President Juan Velasco Alvarado likes to put it, had two pillars of support. One was the armed forces. The other was "the immense majority of Peruvians that have had little or nothing to do with the direction of the country in the past"—in other words, the majority of the civilian population. Last week a surprisingly varied segment of that population seemed to break ranks with the revolution, plunging Peru into its worst outbreak of violence since the military seized power six years ago.

The immediate cause was a strike by the Guardia Civil, Peru's 22,000-man paramilitary police force. The whole force walked off the job after the government offered a wage increase of \$8 a month instead of the \$40 that the cops had asked for. Most units returned to work when ordered to do so, but the 1,200-man radio-patrol force based in downtown Lima held out. The police locked themselves inside the Victoria barracks and refused to leave. Instead of taking the sensible precaution of sending soldiers to protect the city from unrest, Velasco issued ultimatum after ultimatum to the strikers. Then he sent

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Darkness Without Exit

Even by the standards of war-torn South Viet Nam, the internal rumblings in Saigon seemed like a poor way to prepare for this week's lunar New Year's holiday. Catholic leaders, aided by students and opposition politicians, denounced South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu as an "enemy of peace." Proclaimed their "indictment," which was reprinted in several Saigon newspapers: "It is impossible to obtain peace with Thieu, because he is a product of war, was nurtured on it and survived with it." The President's response was swift and predictable. The Saigon government confiscated nine newspapers and censored a tenth; five of the papers were closed down indefinitely, and 21 journalists and publishers were arrested on charges that they were "Communist agents."

Thieu's repressive measures could not have come at a worse time. The U.S. Congress, in the midst of debating an Administration request for an extra \$300 million in military aid for Saigon, was sure to react unfavorably to Thieu's latest attack on the South Vietnamese press; even the anti-Thieu papers are decidedly non-Communist. Beyond that, a number of longtime supporters of South Viet Nam's President, including Senator Henry Jackson, seem to have given up on Thieu. "The Thieu failure is a failure of a regime to bring together all the factions to fight the war," Jackson said last week. "He brings them together by locking them up." Recognizing the new realities, one U.S. diplomat in Saigon said: "The Vietnamese have an incredible knack for bad publicity."

**Random Shelling.** Bad publicity, however, is only one of Thieu's problems and probably not his gravest. More serious is the fact that the military balance has in recent months been changing unfavorably for Saigon. In Military



ARMY TANKS ROLLING THROUGH THE STREETS OF LIMA NEAR VICTORIA BARRACKS

A surprisingly varied segment of the population broke ranks.

in tanks—Soviet-built T-55 models that smashed down the barracks doors as rangers trained in anti-guerrilla warfare streamed into the building. The battle was quickly over. Some of the defenders were subdued inside the building; others ran out onto the plaza with their hands in the air.

Much to the surprise of the junta, antigovernment students took to the streets in support of the striking police. Throwing rocks and burning cars in their path, hundreds of students proceeded to the Plaza San Martin, where they fire-bombed and destroyed a military officers' club. Other targets included the government-backed newspaper *Correo*, which was also bombed.

**Diplomatic Silence.** While the students were demonstrating, residents of the city's *pueblos jóvenes* (slums), who have been badly hurt by soaring price rises on staples, went on a binge of looting. Along Union Street, center of the department-store district, looters made off with radios, TV sets and vacuum cleaners. One man set up a sidewalk stand a scant 300 yards from the Presidential Palace, where he tried to hawk his wares at bargain prices.

In an effort to restore order, the government declared a nighttime curfew and a state of emergency, and suspended constitutional guarantees for 30 days. At week's end it appeared that at least 100 people had been killed and 300 wounded in two days and a night of fighting and demonstrating. The rioting at times had been so fierce that some Latin American diplomats dubbed it *el Limazo*, a reference to the bloody riots known as *el Bogotazo*, which took place

in Bogotá, Colombia, 27 years ago.

A general who led the 1968 coup that ousted President Fernando Belaúnde Terry, Velasco has accomplished much during his six years in power—notably his land and education reform programs—but he has never been particularly popular. Moreover, he has grown increasingly intolerant of criticism and disposed to rule by fiat. In theory the junta does not interfere with political parties, but repression against them has grown during the past year. Some enemies of the regime have been harassed into exile; others, like former President Belaúnde, have been forbidden to return. Last July Velasco expropriated all newspapers with a national circulation, thereby eliminating with one blow the only important source of opposition to his policies.

At the moment there is no alternative to a military government in Lima; and, as the success of the tank attack on the police indicated, the junta feels confident that it can effectively put down with brutal swiftness any challenge to its control. Still, with the Peruvian economy in trouble because of rocketing food prices and dwindling foreign loans, Velasco, who is seriously ailing with a circulatory disease, may now be inclined to consider retirement earlier rather than later.

One observer of last week's riots noted the "ecumenical characteristics" of the mob—meaning that its members appeared to range from the far left to the far right. That alone is a sober message for Velasco: namely, that he has managed to alienate Peruvians of every political leaning.

PRESIDENT NGUYEN VAN THIEU



## THE WORLD

Region Three, which encompasses the eleven provinces surrounding Saigon, the South Vietnamese have suffered several serious setbacks, including the loss a month ago of the entire province of Phuoc Long on the Cambodian border. The same day the Communists captured Phuoc Long, they dislodged Saigon's forces from the strategic Nui Ba Den (Black Virgin Mountain), which overlooks the important provincial capital of Tay Ninh, where the South Vietnamese 25th Division is garrisoned. Communist forces have launched a random shelling of the city that has driven out some 30,000 of its 350,000 residents.

In Military Region Two, which encompasses the central part of South Vietnam, the key cities of Pleiku and Kontum are fortress outposts in an area controlled by highly mobile North Vietnamese and Viet Cong units. In the rice-rich Mekong Delta south of Saigon, where more than one-third of South Vietnam's population lives, Communist attacks have driven government troops out of many outposts. At the same time, a blocking maneuver aimed toward Route 4 by North Vietnamese troops threatens Saigon's vital connection with the Delta.

**Last Cartridge.** Hanoi and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam have made an important strategic shift toward greater reliance on what documents captured by Saigon call "revolutionary violence"—meaning a steady campaign of accelerated attrition. The objective is to bring about the fall of Thieu through demoralizing defeats that will erode his support in the army and among non-Communist politicians and religious leaders.

Thieu is not about to give in—or give up. As he said recently, "We will fight to the last cartridge." For their part, the Communists steadfastly refuse to return to negotiations, which were broken off last June, as long as Thieu remains in power. Saigon's anti-Communist dissidents, who published last week's indictment, agree that Thieu is the main stumbling block to peace. "The people no longer have confidence in the current leadership because it is unable to solve the war problem," said Judge Tran Minh Tiet, a probable opposition candidate for President. "If Thieu runs for a third term [in the elections next October], the war will get bigger and the country will be in total darkness—without exit." Adds General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, leader of Saigon's 1963 coup: "If you want war, keep Thieu."

Unfortunately, Tiet and Minh may very well be right. For the foreseeable future, neither Saigon nor the Communists have the strength to overcome the other side by military means—whether or not the U.S. Congress provides the aid that Thieu wants. The resulting no-win, no-lose situation benefits nobody, but the only alternative is a political compromise that has eluded would-be peacemakers for decades.

## GREECE

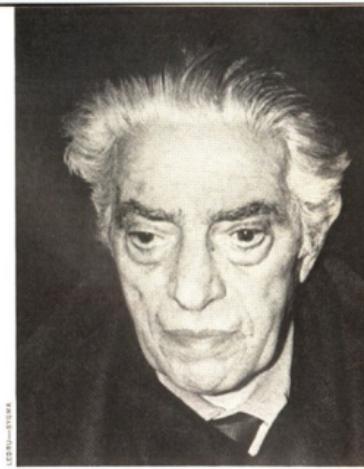
### The Ailing King

Aristotle Socrates Onassis, 69, is indisputably king of what passes today for the Jet Set. Despite a few minor financial reverses, the swarthy Greek tycoon still has a fortune estimated at up to \$500 million, based on a worldwide shipping and commercial empire. That permits him the luxury of enjoying lavish residences in several countries, his own private island of Skorpios in the Ionian Sea, and probably the world's most formidable private yacht, the 325-ft. *Christina*. Above and beyond that, he is the husband of the world's most publicized beauty—Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, 45, widow of the assassinated 35th President of the U.S.

**Cloaked in Mystery.** Last week Onassis was once more the focus of international speculation. Amid reports that he was gravely ill—perhaps even near death—he was flown from Athens to Paris aboard an Olympic Airways Learjet specially outfitted with medical equipment. After resting for a night at his Avenue Foch apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, Onassis checked into the American Hospital in suburban Neuilly, managing to slip unnoticed through the hospital's rear door. The crowd of reporters and photographers waiting at the hospital's main entrance apparently were deliberately distracted by the arrival of an ashen-faced and obviously distraught Jackie, who was accompanied by Christina Onassis (the shipper's 24-year-old daughter by a previous marriage).

Like so much else surrounding the storied career of Greece's best-known businessman, Onassis' illness was cloaked in mystery. After he spent a day in the Paris hospital, all his physician would say was that the patient "has been shaken by very heavy influenza."

A rare picture of Onassis taken last week (see cut) suggests that he has been



ONASSIS ARRIVING AT PARIS APARTMENT  
A determined fighter.

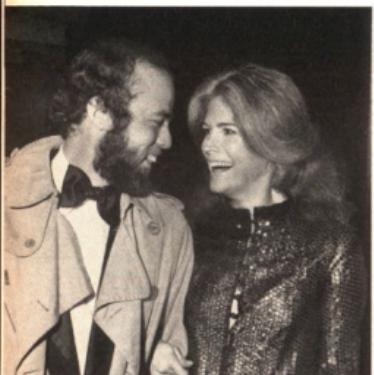
in poor health for some time. For several months, in fact, he has been suffering from myasthenia gravis (a debilitating disease that weakens the body muscles). On occasion, he has appeared in public with his eyelids held open by adhesive tape because his muscles were unable to keep them up. Some medical experts suspect that the muscular disease may have made Onassis more vulnerable to the effects of the flu. Although he had lost energy because of impaired nutrition, his cardiac condition has been reported as stable.

At week's end Onassis' condition still remained serious. All his life he has had a reputation for being a stubborn, determined fighter who would presumably struggle to stay alive. However, intimates have noted that since a plane crash two years ago killed Alexander, his only son and heir, at the age of 24, Onassis has been despondent, wondering what he had left to work or live for.

WIFE JACQUELINE (RIGHT) & DAUGHTER CHRISTINA ACCOMPANYING ARI IN PARIS



The *Ladies' Home Journal* is not so dumb. It commissioned Renaissance Woman **Candice Bergen**, 28, to get inside the White House and shoot some informal pictures of the First Family. Candy had already caught the eye of official White House Photographer **David Hume Kennerly**, who obligingly set up exclusive photo sessions for her. Candy seemed exclusive too. So it was that an envious Washington photo corps saw Candy and David not only stepping out together at the state dinner for visiting Pakistani Prime Minister **Zulfikar Ali Bhutto** but even indulging in a little slap-and-tickle as well. "It's been incredibly exciting," said Candy. "I didn't know you could have such a good time at a state dinner." It looked like the old story: Let's go into the darkroom and see what develops.



KENNERLY &amp; BERGEN TOGETHER



LONG UNMASKED WITH FORD

"If that's the way it's got to be . . ." an irritated Senator **Russell Long** was heard to say. There he was, swagging along in the mask of captain emeritus of the Louisiana State Society's annual Mardi Gras Ball in Washington, when he found himself a law-breaker. Some 15 years ago, he had made a rule that anyone who took off his mask would be fined \$50. But when Long approached Honored Guest **Betty Ford** to claim a dance, a Secret Service man barred his way, saying, "You can't dance with Mrs. Ford until we know who you are." Russell identified himself, but Mrs. Ford's protector persisted, "You will have to take off your mask." So Long dropped his mask and \$50 for a dance with Betty.

Who was this all-American paragon, oozing the sap of maple-sugared kindness? When ABC aired the **Howard Hughes** story, a made-for-TV film biography of the reclusive millionaire, the protagonist was unrecognizable. When, for instance, **Lana Turner** anticipated marrying him, she had all her sheets monogrammed HH; Hughes turned her down with "marry Huntington Hartford." A more sinister Hughes emerged from Film Maker **Ron Lyon's** experience. He had reckoned without his subject. When Lyon tried to obtain newsreel clips of Hughes, the only ones available were of him smiling and waving. Then the insurance company, doubtless aware of Hughes' litigious nature, insisted that most of the critical remarks be cut. But undaunted, Lyon is now working on a

MERCER SINGS ON HER 75TH BIRTHDAY



made-for-TV movie biography of another rich person who values privacy: Jacqueline Onassis.

To the 18-year-old Norwegian maid, her employers, the Nelson Rockefellers, were very odd. One night, when they were late, she left dinner on the stove and went off to a party in Brooklyn. Next day Nelson's first wife, **Mary Clark Rockefeller**, demonstrated the helplessness of the very rich. "Anne-Marie, what happened to you last night? I had to take my husband to Hamburg Heaven." That was only the beginning, as **Anne-Marie Rasmussen** reveals in her autobiography *There Was Once a Time*. Contrary to the American Dream, Second Son Steven had no sooner married her in 1959 than they lived unhappily ever after. It was psychoanalysts for both and not a laugh in between. "The Rockefellers are not funloving," recalls Anne-Marie, who divorced Steven in 1970. "Their idea of a good time is a serious discussion." Now 36 and divorced from her second husband, Businessman Robert Krogstad, Anne-Marie lives with her three Rockefeller children in New York's Westchester County. She has become tough-minded about her ten-year sojourn among one of the country's richest families. Said she last week: "Steven wanted a simple country girl and found himself with someone more complex than himself."

"I can't bear to listen to myself," said **Mabel Mercer** on her 75th birthday. But every smart pop singer in the past 50 years has listened and learned from Mercer how to shape and pace a lyric. Her unique style of talking a song was developed to compensate for her failing soprano voice. Now, she says, "it's just a noise." Enough, however, to hold some 500 guests spellbound at her birthday party in Manhattan. Mabel's star pupil could not make the party, but he did not forget the singer who "taught me everything I know." **Frank Sinatra** sent a bouquet and a note: "I love you, Mabel. Have a marvelous day."

Hey there, cuties! Put on your dancing boots and come dance with me. This is the call that frustrated Tap Dancer **Barbara Walters** had been waiting for. She got it finally last week when she filled in for **Johnny Carson** on the *Tonight Show*. Guest **Gene Kelly** graciously appraised Barbara's potential. After a few turns round the set, Barbara asked Gene to check her waltz clog (a tap step) because "I can't click my heels together properly." In no time Gene was showing Barbara how to tap and it was clear that Barbara's latent ambitions were afire. "It hasn't been the field I've made it in," she acknowledged. "But it's never too late."

**"Coal was such a mess.  
I'm glad it's gone."**

Two ways to look at coal. Both pretty accurate.

Years ago we used coal almost everywhere. It was dirty. Hard to shovel. Expensive to transport. The ashes were a pain to get rid of. It burned with a choking, acrid smoke that clung over our cities. We solved coal's problems by turning to clean burning, easily handled oil and natural gas.

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We've made progress in cleaning up coal smoke pollution. Surface mined lands are being reclaimed and replanted. Deep mines are being made safer, healthier and we're working to make them more efficient to assure growing supplies of essential fuel.

We can minimize coal's disadvantages. We can, and should, use coal to stretch natural gas and petroleum resources. First by using coal to generate electric power wherever possible. Then by perfecting gasification and liquefaction to produce clean burning, easily transportable petroleum substitutes.

Caterpillar is interested in energy solutions involving coal because our machines are used in both mining and reclamation. And because responsible use and management of all our natural resources is vital to the long term, well-being of our nation.

**"We need coal now  
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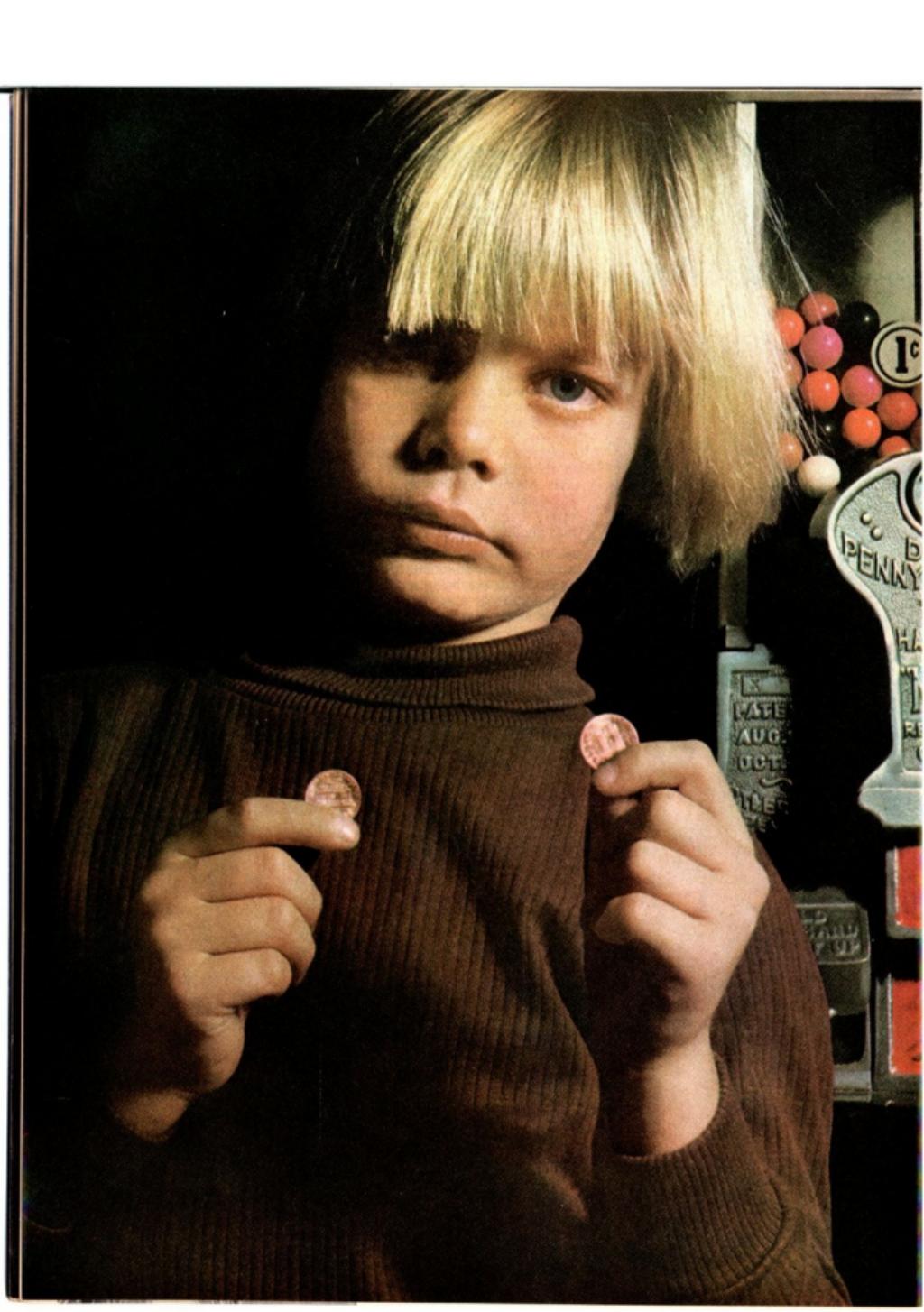


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PENNY  
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Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices,  
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## Today, just adding a few buttons won't meet the telephone needs of small business.

The people of the Bell System wanted to give small businesses a phone system with big business service, without making the treasurer cry.

Which meant more than adding a button or two on a business phone. So the people of Western Electric got together with Bell Labs to build a new family of economical key telephone systems.

Western Electric engineers applied what they knew about modular design to these systems.

So adding a new feature is a simple



matter of plugging in a new circuit board.

All of which resulted in some pretty useful features. For instance: now a person in a small business can set up conference calls at the touch of a button. Incoming calls can be announced through a speaker built

into each desk phone, even when that phone's being used.

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Built for your Bell Telephone Company by the people of Western Electric, these key telephone systems are already doing a lot to help small businesses manage their business better.



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## 3 Million Ecstatic Car Winners

To the Editors:

Let's forget the \$12 billion tax rebate proposal as an economic stimulus. Instead, the Federal Government should use the money to purchase 3 million new cars at \$4,000 each and give them away in a national lottery. Assuming an average annual salary of \$12,000, the outlay would keep 1 million workers employed for a year. In addition, the tax revenues generated by the automobile-company profits, the taxes levied on the winnings and the workers' salaries would return a substantial portion of the "investment" to the Federal Government.

The benefits do not end here. Think of the response of those 3 million ecstatic winners in the 1976 elections toward an Administration that gave them the American Dream in 1975.

Only one prize per family, please.

Warren H. Schoenfisch  
Falls Church, Va.

The American economic system is beginning to resemble the caucus race in *Alice in Wonderland*. Is it not something of a contradiction to cut taxes to facilitate the resurgence of buying power that will increase the demand for appliances and, especially, vehicles—and at the same time enforce a reduction in demand for the petroleum fuels that must drive the cars and power the machines that will manufacture the appliances?

John Rossouw  
Bondi Beach, Australia

The solutions presently being debated to cure our current ills range from gas rationing to crude-oil tariff increases (coupled with income tax rebates) to war with the Arab countries. Common sense indicates that you can also reduce gasoline consumption by making cars run more efficiently. Why not reduce clean-air standards to a reasonable level (as in 1971) and enjoy a 20% fuel savings without adding to inflation, creating more governmental bureaucracy or starting a useless war?

Granted, areas like Los Angeles would probably have to be exempted, but at least some short-term relief could be enjoyed while a long-term solution to alternative sources of energy is found. In addition to fuel savings, automobile prices could be reduced, and if safety standards are made reasonable, future price increases could certainly be avoided.

ed. Our plans call for another 20% reduction in fuel economy with the 1978 Clean Air Standards.

William Borglin  
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

So the big motor companies are falling all over themselves to reduce the price of their cars. Oh, happy day!

There is a lesson to be learned here if only we will open our eyes and see it. Governments can huff and puff all they want to, but prices will come down when the public gets riled up enough to stay out of the marketplace—and only then.

I do not expect to see any real easing of inflation until governments quit coddling the public to the extent that the natural corrective forces of a free economy are deliberately thwarted by overprotectiveness.

William B. McLean  
Coraopolis, Pa.



### Benton's Sting

Thomas Hart Benton, the "Grass-Roots Giant," is reduced to an artistic pygmy by the time Robert Hughes has finished [Feb. 3]. It is sad that of all Benton's outstanding works, Hughes deems it fit to mention only *The Jealous Lover of Lone Green Valley* because it contains a portrait of ex-Pupil Jackson Pollock. Apparently Mr. Hughes is still smarting from the sting of Benton's caustic rejection of much of so-called modern art. Is he also among those seeking revenge?

Moses A. Levinstein  
Cincinnati

Your critic's judgment that future generations will not derive much aesthetic pleasure from Benton's "big machines" misreads the genius of this Midwestern artist.

Considering himself a painter instead of an easel painter, Benton, after completing the 18-ft. by 31-ft. mural *Independence and the Opening of the West* (1961) in the Truman Library, told us, "When I came out of the Navy, after the first World War, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to be just a studio painter, a pattern maker in the fashion then dominating the art world—as it still does. I began to think of returning to the painting of subjects—subjects with meaning—which people in general might be interested in. One of the ways [the artist] could do that is pay more attention to public meanings—meanings that people in general can share—and

less attention to [the artist's] private aesthetic meaning, which they cannot wholly share without special training."

When asked to evaluate some of his major works, Benton replied, "It is not the artist but the interested spectators who finally determine the values of works of art. I'll let my case rest with them. As a matter of fact, I have no other choice."

We Midwesterners will stand along with Tom Benton and await the judgment of the interested spectators, not only regarding Benton's paintings but also his writings.

Benedict K. Zobrist, Director  
Harry S. Truman Library  
Independence, Mo.

### The Sex Mechanics

It seems to me characteristic of the American mentality that before they would allow themselves to express their feelings about sex, Masters and Johnson [Feb. 3] first had to establish their credentials as sex mechanics.

E. Smader-Medina  
Berkeley, Calif.

Masters and Johnson's *The Pleasure Bond* is really a sophisticated tract, a plea for integrity and responsibility in marriage, a low-keyed argument for a husband-wife relationship of loyalty, trust, honor, openness and mutual love. What makes this case for the rehabilitation of some old-fashioned principles so impressive is the prestige of its authors. They are pioneering researchers and innovative therapists who subscribe to philosophical relativism. At the same time they are critical of emancipated moderns whose much heralded freedom may be a form of prolonged adolescent rebellion or unhealthy exhibitionism. They are also critical of religious liberals who fail to realize that compromise of sexual commitment tends to tear a marriage apart.

So, perhaps, since biblical authority no longer motivates post-Christian Americans to practice sex within a framework of exclusivity, fidelity and permanency, the authority of Masters and Johnson may win a fresh hearing for this ancient but not outmoded ethic. The Bible does not teach that God is anti-sex. Indeed, none other than Paul, reputed the enemy of pleasure, declares that "God has given us richly all things to enjoy"—including sex.

Vernon Grounds, President  
Conservative Baptist Seminary  
Denver

### Assad's Answer

In TIME [Feb. 3], President Hafez Al-Assad of Syria was quoted as answering a question from the TIME news-tour

## FORUM

group that in 1973, the Israelis pushed the Syrian army 17 kilometers in the north and 25 kilometers in the south. In fact, the President said this with reference to 1967 and not 1973.

*Assad Elias, Press Secretary  
To the President of the Syrian Arab  
Republic, Damascus*

## Woe to Chou

TIME's cover story [Feb. 3] risks going out on a limb in proclaiming "a victory for Chou—and moderation." Information available to us indicates that your conclusion was correct only in the sense that Chou was allowed to keep the job he has held since 1949. It is obvious that Chou is on his way out.

Basically, in the drama being played out in the Chinese Communist regime, two groups are jockeying for position for the post-Mao era. It is a power struggle pure and simple. Labels of "radical" and "moderate" are at best misleading. Foreign policy considerations are not even an issue. To pin your hopes on Chou, who is just as surely responsible for Chinese Communist policies as Mao, from Korea through India to the Indochinese peninsula, can only lead to self-delusion with results detrimental to America's own interest.

James C.H. Shen  
*Ambassador of the Republic of China  
Washington, D.C.*

## Cartoon Essence

Anti-Confucius demonstrations notwithstanding, a single TIME Essay, "Editorial Cartoons: Capturing the Essence," [Feb. 3] is worth a thousand pictures.

Hy Rosen  
*Editorial Cartoonist  
Times-Union, Albany, N.Y.*

## Retiring Maynard Jackson

After my recent victory over the former heavyweight champion of the world, Muhammad Ali, many people are waiting for my next bout in defense of my title. However, I have searched my conscience and decided that my most important contributions will probably be made in the political arena. Therefore, I am retiring undefeated as the heavyweight champion of the world.

I do want to emphasize that my recent bout with Muhammad Ali did have a serious side. The bout was held to let the people of Atlanta know more about the many contributions being made to our nation by the black business community. All of us are hit by fluctuations in our nation's economy, but black and other minority businesses are often irreparably damaged by the strains of recession and inflation. These enterprises are frequently marginal operations, the first to feel the pinch when consumers cut back on their spending. The only way these struggling businesses can sur-

vive is through the conscious efforts of those who are sensitive to their needs.

To be small and minority-owned in these times of economic debilitation makes the struggle more difficult, but in words worthy of a champion,

*All things are possible:  
Just look at me.  
Who'd have believed  
That I'd beat Ali?  
Maynard Jackson, Mayor  
Atlanta*

## Nursing-Home Holes

Your article and comments on nursing homes [Feb. 3] were welcome and timely. A year ago, I could have cared less; but then a year ago, I had no idea that my father would be a patient in one of these holes for six months. He had no insurance, and my brother and I had no extra funds to move him and pick up the medical tab.

Each Saturday at the nursing home was Lysol day, and the halls met with a wet mop down the center, enough to produce the "clean" smell that camouflaged the real one. To the aides, "on duty" simply meant TV duty, as most of their time was spent in the TV room.

Without fail they saw to it that my father's Social Security check was in their hands, in exchange for a few pieces of meat, applesauce, milk and crackers. I guess a good name for this place would have been "Roach Haven" considering the number of them that kept him company. He wasn't the greatest father, but he is a human being and deserves to be treated like one.

God, do our elderly citizens deserve this treatment?

Phyllis J. Molnar  
*Grosse Ile, Mich.*

## Wrist-Slap Punishment

In recommending the wrist-slap punishment given the high school football coach who falsified two students' transcripts in order that they might qualify for N.C.A.A. college football scholarships at the University of Oklahoma [Jan. 20], District Attorney Ron Wilson showed enormously bad judgment in rationalizing the coach's action as a "laudable reason to do wrong." Wilson seems not to have considered the possible effects such action might have on a student not suitably prepared to do college work, who ultimately fails to keep up with the pace of academics and athletics, putting in jeopardy his scholarship and self-esteem as well. If some of these students can thrive under such multiple pressures, fine; but Wilson's reasoning is foolish, shortsighted and unfair to those who cannot.

Jean M. Leo  
*The Bronx*

*Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building,  
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020*

## MILESTONES

**Died.** Dr. Howard J. Brown, 50, New York City health official and homosexual civil rights activist; of heart disease; in Manhattan. Afraid that his name might figure in an exposé of homosexuals in New York City government, Brown abruptly resigned his post as health services administrator in 1967. Six years later he publicly revealed his sexual orientation and helped form the National Gay Task Force to end discrimination against homosexuals. The organization, said Brown, "can help free the generation that comes after us from the dreadful agony of secrecy."

**Died.** Eli M. Black, 53, chairman of United Brands Co., a \$2 billion conglomerate; in a 44-story plunge from his office in Manhattan's Pan Am Building. An ordained rabbi before going into business, Black in 1967 acquired John Morrell & Co., an ailing \$800 million meat packer, which he merged with United Fruit Co. in 1970. Throughout 1974 a series of crises bled Black's empire: hurricanes wrecked Honduran banana plantations, Central American governments imposed heavy export taxes, and the cost of feeding cattle skyrocketed. Since November, when United Brands reported losing over \$40 million in the year's first three quarters, Black had worked 16- to 18-hour days.

**Died.** Louis Jordan, 66, saxophonist, blues singer and bandleader, whose Tympany Five combo cut several top-selling discs in the 1940s, including *Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby?*, *Caldonia*, and *Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens*; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** Umm Kulthum, 76, "the Nightingale of the Nile," most beloved female singer in the Arab world; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Cairo (see THE WORLD).

**Died.** Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, 82, commander of the Royal Air Force fighter group that fought off the German blitz on London in the summer of 1940; in Auckland, New Zealand. After the Battle of Britain, Park successfully defended Malta, then moved on to the Middle East and Southeast Asia, where he commanded the Allied air forces at war's end.

**Died.** William D. Coolidge, 101, scientist and inventor, in Schenectady, N.Y. After joining General Electric's pioneering research labs in 1905, Coolidge discovered the method for drawing out of tungsten the hair-thin filaments used in incandescent light bulbs, and later perfected "the Coolidge tube," which remains the basis of modern X-ray units.

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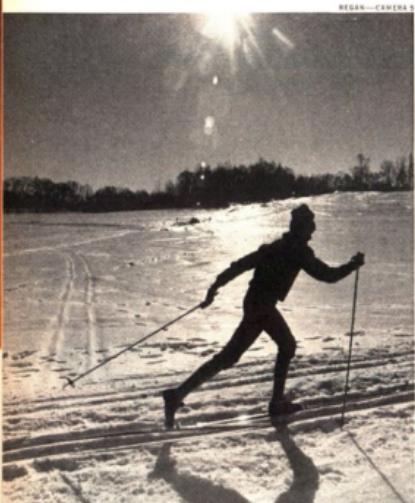
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## The Loneliness of The Long-Distance Skier

Seven national championships were at stake in the snow-covered countryside outside Putney, Vt., last week, but nobody except the contestants seemed to care. There was no grandstand at the finish line, only a dozen spectators and race officials were on hand to greet the racers, and no one offered the finishers so much as a cup of hot chocolate. In fact, one Putney resident passing by did not even know that the U.S. National Cross-Country Championship Races, the big so-called nordic skiing event of the year, were taking place almost in her backyard.



**NORDIC RACER SLOGGING IN VERMONT**  
Lucky to win a plane ticket.

That kind of privacy is nothing new for long-distance (the shortest run is 5 km., or 3.1 miles) ski racers in the U.S. For years they have been skiing in the shadow of downhill racers at home and always losing to Norwegians, Finns or Russians in international competition. Indeed, no American has ever finished better than 15th in Olympic races. All that may soon change. In rising numbers and with new seriousness, U.S. cross-country racers are preparing an assault on the 1976 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck, Austria.

Though the trappings of high-powered competition were not present at Putney, high-powered racers were. Top-

ranked Bill Koch, who placed third in the 15-km. races at the European Junior Championships last year, won the 15 km., gliding through the familiar terrain near his family farm in Guilford, Vt. In the 50-km. ordeal, Tim Caldwell, a wiry young Olympic hopeful, won going away. And the country's top woman racer, Martha Rockwell, now has 15 individual national titles after winning the women's 5-, 10- and 20-km. contests.

**Nordic Route.** The wave of improved nordic racers reflects a new surge of participation in the sport. Turned off by the high cost of downhill equipment and lifts, not to mention the crowded conditions at most alpine ski resorts, many people are now going the nordic route. For full-time competitor as well as amateur, there is a price for the solitude they find along rural trails: hard work. Few sports are so demanding. On long, thin skis, cross-country skiers are like marathon runners covering miles of rugged terrain while burdened by pounds of awkward gear.

A lack of money is one reason why Americans have been slow to assault European dominance. Successful competitors in Europe earn as much as \$50,000 a year from government salary, prizes and endorsements. In the U.S. a top performer is lucky to win a plane ticket and three meals a day. Says American Racer Ron Yeager: "Europeans are racing for dollars. Skiing is their only occupation. What are we racing for? Self-satisfaction, I guess."

Whatever their motivation, skiers competing for berths on the U.S. Olympic team have not ducked much pain lately. The program set up by the U.S. Ski Association, which organized competition in 1966 and has built training facilities in Utah, is brutal. Summer workouts begin with a 6-mile morning run, wood splitting, more running and then, after lunch, weight lifting. Lack of snow is no obstacle: training includes 15-mile slogs on roller skis—3-ft. skis with roller-skate wheels. If anyone slacks off, Coach Marty Hall drops him or her from the program. "We're not here to fool around," says Hall. That may be a promise of things to come at the Olympics next year.

## Courtquake in the West

At this point in the basketball season, the teams of the Pacific-8 conference are accustomed to watching U.C.L.A. move toward another first-place finish. The last time a John Wooden squad failed to win the conference championship, Lyndon Baines Johnson

was President and gasoline cost 31.9¢ per gal. The team's eight-year reign may finally be dribbling to an end. In a season of surprises on the West Coast, all but two of the conference's eight teams are in a scramble for the top spot.

The wide-open race began with the graduation of U.C.L.A. Center Bill Walton, whose teams lost only two games in three years of conference play. Though this year's U.C.L.A. team is by no means a pushover—in 17 games it lost only twice—it is no Wooden juggernaut. "We can beat anyone—absolutely anyone," says Realist Wooden, "but lots of teams can beat us."

**Fast-Break Offense.** Many of those teams are in Wooden's own conference. With an impressive 75-20 record against non-league opponents, and with four teams ranked among the nation's top 20, the Pac-8 has become one of the toughest leagues in the nation. The strength starts up north at Oregon State, whose team, expected to fight for the cellar, was instead tied for first place with U.C.L.A., going into last weekend's showdown with the Bruins. The Beavers are led by 6-ft. 8-in. Sophomore Forward Lonnie Shelton, who is racking up 18 points per game. Oregon, nicknamed "the Kamikaze Kids" for the squad's aggressive physical play, is another contender, led by Guard Ron Lee, who tops the Pac-8 in assists. Southern Cal, perennial runner-up to U.C.L.A., is also making a potent bid with its fast-break offense. Even longtime loser Cal has taken to winning.

The big surprise, though, is upstart Stanford. On a campus where football has long been the sport and athletics in general do not have a high priority, the basketball team has suddenly become a contender. It was Stanford that last month threw the conference into its current disorder with back-to-back victories over U.C.L.A. and Southern Cal. Those upsets, dubbed "the Mapies Miracle" (after the team's home court), marked the emergence of 7-ft. Senior Center Rich Kelley as the Pac-8's overbearing figure. In the two games, Kelley hit for a total of 52 points, hauled down 28 rebounds and subjected opponents to intimidating defensive play.

Kelley, a low-key psychology major, is averaging 20 points per game, leads the conference in rebounding, and also paces Stanford in assists. Says John Wooden: "Kelley is every bit as valuable and as important to Stanford as Walton was to U.C.L.A."

Kelley himself is happy to be out of Walton's shadow. "This year we're playing against someone we think is human," he says, referring to Walton's successor Ralph Drollinger, 7 ft. 1 in. "Now people go out onto the court and play to win. They used to play to stay close."



BURSTYN TAKES A BREAK DURING REHEARSAL FOR NEW BROADWAY SHOW

## Viewpoints

For a series that may turn out to be a television rarity—a work of genuine historic importance—**Arabs and Israelis** (PBS, Wednesday, 8 p.m. E.S.T.) presents itself with almost recessive, if becoming, modesty. Its eight programs run only half an hour each; there is not the slightest hint of showmanship about them. Essentially they are nothing more than interviews with ordinary citizens of the nations locked in permanent crisis in the Middle East for a quarter of a century.

Nor can it be said that these people reach startling conclusions about that impasse. The Arabs say they harbor no irreconcilable enmity toward the Israelis; the Israelis say the same about the Arabs. All agree it would perhaps ease tensions if common folk could visit each other's countries and get to know more about one another's cultures.

**Chance for Peace.** It could probably have been predicted that they would take this line—but that is precisely the point. People have been so bemused for so long by the abstractions of official communiqués, extremist statements, political journalism, that they have forgotten the simple fact that real people are trying to live everyday lives in a place that could instantly be turned into a gigantic combat zone. Inevitably they are bound together by a mutual abhorrence of war. The most effective speakers are people who have the greatest reason to be bitter: the wives and parents of young men killed on both sides of the Yom Kippur War. Their remembrances of their loved ones, often spoken through tears, render the desolation of personal loss, and make one ashamed of glib generalizations spouted from a safe distance west of Suez. "I understand their feeling of loss," an Israeli father says of Egyptians who also lost sons in 1973. "It is more than the loss of life, it is the loss of hope, of plans." "Give him my sympathy," says a similarly bereaved Egyptian. "Tell him to be brave, that this is something we all hate, this type of violence between nations."

These halting voices are very moving, and *Arabs and Israelis* is a kind of candle sputtering bravely in the darkness. It was made by Boston's WGBH, which used two field producers, an Egyptian newsman and an Israeli television journalist. They could not visit each other's homelands, but they worked together closely, if often argumentatively, in neutral Switzerland to shape each program. The series is now being offered all over the Middle East. Though no nation has accepted it yet, Israel, Jordan and Egypt have expressed interest in it. One cannot help believing that if this moderate, moderating voice could be heard in the area it so affectingly reports, it might in some small way help to give peace a chance.

Richard Schickel

## SHOW BUSINESS & TV

### Gillooly Doesn't Live Here Anymore

One whole wall in Actress Ellen Burstyn's Hudson Valley house is covered with nomination certificates. "No awards, mind you. Just nominations." Burstyn exaggerates a bit; she won New York and National Film Critics' awards for *The Last Picture Show*. Two of the other citations are Academy Award nominations for *Picture Show* and *The Exorcist*. But despite such well-deserved recognition, Burstyn's 17-year career has stopped just short of fame.

Now, at 42, she has made a movie that can only be considered a vehicle for its female lead. A rarity in today's male-dominated film market, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* (TIME, Feb. 3) is an on-the-road journey toward self-discovery in which the seeker is a woman. A 35-year-old housewife whose oafish truck-driver husband is killed in a collision, Alice packs her twelve-year-old son into a battered station wagon and sets off for California in a desperately unrealistic attempt to recapture her girlhood dream of becoming a night club singer "better than Alice Faye."

**Loose Ends.** *Alice* is Burstyn's own project. Two years ago, she found Writer Robert Getchell's script and persuaded Warner Bros. to put up a \$2.1 million budget for it. She picked her own director, *Mean Streets'* Martin Scorsese, and helped to select cast and crew. Major portions of the script were reworked on the basis of her improvisation sessions with other cast members or her own experience. Although the film, like its central character, seems completely at loose ends, it opened last week to favorable reviews and long lines. Whether or not it brings Burstyn the stardom that has eluded her, it may well make her rich: she gets 10% of the net.

Burstyn has a face that belongs above a Peter Pan collar, and a figure that deserves décolletage. Like Alice,

she is a single woman raising a young son alone. (She has been divorced since 1969. Jefferson Burstyn, 13, appears briefly in the film as the kid next door.) Alice, says Burstyn, "is a woman grappling with the change of consciousness we are all grappling with. I'm just further along in the grapple—a little older and wiser than Alice."

**Like Zen.** Like Alice, Ellen confesses that she was movie-afflicted early on. "It's just in the past six or seven years," she says, "that I've started to find out how I would act if I were not Betty Grable." With a vision of herself as a composite Grable, Deanna Durbin and June Haver she wandered through an almost schizoid array of jobs—and names—on her way to wise up. She was Edna Rae Gillooly—the daughter of middle-class Irish parents, "with dashes of French, Dutch and American Indian"—until she left Detroit's Cass Technical High School; Edna Rae as a fashion illustrator's model in Texas; Keri Flynn as a dancer in a Montreal night club; Erica Dean as a model for paperback book covers in New York; and Ellen McRae in Broadway's *Fair Game* in 1957. Comments Burstyn: "I was a checker player, not chess. I could only see one move ahead."

Not until seven years later, after a score of forgotten movie and TV roles, did she settle down to studying acting seriously with Lee Strasberg and later with the Actors Studio. She credits her Strasberg-and-Studio experience with her own belated development. "Like *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*," she grins, "for me, it's been Zen and the art of acting."

Burstyn is currently rehearsing her first Broadway play in 17 years, Bernard Slade's *Same Time Next Year*. After three marriages, she is adamant about remaining single. Her life is filled by her son, her work, four cats, two dogs. She is (she quotes proudly a line she wrote for *Alice*) "living my own life, not some man's life I'm helping him out with."

## Death Companionship

While sitting with a dying friend four years ago, William Roberts was struck by the grim isolation of the deathbed. "It seemed to me," he says, "that dying people were treated in a cold, almost cavalier manner." Suffering from diabetes, Roberts, now 50, quit his job a year ago as a partner at Spencer-Roberts, a California political public relations agency, and resolved to do something about the way people die. The result is Threshold, a new Los Angeles business that has trained and will supply "death companions" to help ease lonely, dying clients out of the world. The cost: \$7.50 an hour, of which the companion keeps \$3.50.

So far, Threshold has graduated 15 companions, who are now in "field training"—working without fee in a nursing home. Fifty more companions, mostly women in their 30s and 40s, are about to complete the eight-session course on the problems of bringing comfort to a dying stranger.

Threshold is frankly commercial. "We believe in free enterprise," says Jim Rosner, 30, president of the firm and another former employee at Spencer-Roberts. Rosner and Roberts used their public relations know-how last fall to push their training program. They put on a low-key ad campaign, supplemented with plugs by some of the nine staff members on local talk shows. Seven hundred would-be companions responded. Threshold has not yet advertised for paying clients, however, preferring to build up a stable of trained companions first. The applicants are psychologically

screened to eliminate the unstable and any religious enthusiasts intent on deathbed conversions.

The training program was devised by Robert Kavanagh, a former Roman Catholic priest who is now a consulting psychologist at the University of California in San Diego. During the three-hour weekly class, the teachers stress the fears and ambivalences of the dying, discuss problems of suicide and euthanasia, and use the techniques of role-playing and psychodrama to illustrate possible relationships between a dying customer and a paid stranger trying to be a friend.

Any dying bequests made to a companion will automatically go to a non-profit corporation that Threshold is setting up to pay for companions to the indigent. The company is also branching out to sponsor workshops on dying for hospital personnel, the terminally ill and the general public. There may be more services to come. "Dying is spectacular," says Roberts. "I've even thought of making some kind of production out of it—like having the Mormon Tabernacle Choir come sing at your bedside, if you could afford it."

## The Everything Expert

Sometimes Amitai Etzioni seems to be a one-man profession. A professor of sociology at Columbia University and director of New York City's Center for Policy Research, Etzioni, 46, has written two books on foreign affairs, debated Werner von Braun on the space race, helped Betty Friedan start a "think tank" for women, testified as an expert on an abortion bill, and received a Na-

tional Book Award nomination for a book on genetics. Two weeks ago, he was hailed by a *New York Daily News* headline writer as a "sexpert" for a talk on sexual ethics, and the same day he was named staff director of a politically sensitive investigation of New York State's spreading nursing-home scandal.

Etzioni's bustling omnipresence has earned him an array of detractors. Staid social scientists tend to view him as a pushy hustler, and the American Sociological Association's newsletter has received complaints that he is quoted entirely too much in its pages.

But his influence is not doubted. Etzioni is one of the new social science mandarins now beginning to dominate the profession: a politically astute opinion maker and entrepreneur who is acquiring considerable power by attracting the federal and foundation research dollar, handing out jobs, showering newspapers and magazines with articles on every conceivable subject, and producing hard-nosed, workable programs that politicians like.

At the Center for Policy Research, Etzioni presides over a burgeoning empire of some 20 staff members, plus sociologists, economists, historians, doctors, lawyers and planners who churn out a million dollars' worth of reports each year. A recent study of the problems of Spanish-speaking children in New York City schools was the basis for a court ruling to expand full-time bilingual education. In another project, engineers working with the center developed a new rapid-response telephonic device that Etzioni says "can restore the New England town meeting" for large organizations. Using it, the New Jersey League of Women Voters recently polled most of its 10,000 members, in progressive multiples of ten, within two hours.

**Power Base.** Etzioni's main theoretical effort and "life's work" is *The Active Society*, a long and turgid treatise on how to use the levers of social change. In it, Etzioni explains how social progress requires consensus and a power base to protect and promote change. Thus he considered Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty a doomed effort from the start because it gave the poor authority without a power base. He also opposes school busing as a means of integration because no consensus for it exists. "If you want it, fine—go out and convince enough people. But you can't cram it down their throats."

Though he is a committed man of the left, Etzioni does not have the conventional liberal preoccupation with individual freedom. In his talks on sex, for example, he argues that the sexual revolution must eventually become stabilized with some sort of new norms for sexual conduct and not just end with a nation full of "gushing ids." He

"COMPANION" CAROL O'DONNELL COMFORTS DYING CLIENT IN LOS ANGELES



KIRKUS GRANT



SOCIOLOGIST AMITAI ETZIONI  
*Bursting omnipresence.*

has astounded scientists by suggesting they stop research likely to prove socially harmful, such as work on human cloning and subliminal communication techniques.

Born in Germany to Jewish parents who fled the Nazis in 1936, Etzioni was raised in Israel and fought as a commando against the British and then the Arabs in the late '40s. During the 1948 war, he made a name for himself by sending dispatches from the front to newspapers in Tel Aviv. Discharged in 1950, he worked as a reporter, wrote a book about his war experiences, then studied sociology under Martin Buber at Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

**On the Trail.** He emigrated to the U.S., received his Ph.D. in a record 18 months at the University of California at Berkeley, and began his academic career by concentrating on studies of complex organizations, nuclear disarmament and the problems of ending the cold war. Naturalized as a U.S. citizen in 1963, he joined the peace movement early in the Viet Nam War and published, in 1964, *Moon-Doggle*, a caustic attack on the space race as a waste of resources.

Almost any event can put him on the trail of a new issue. He got into genetics in 1967 when, having had three sons, he wondered if there was any way to make sure the next-born would be a daughter. He plunged into the literature of genetics and published several articles warning that the ability to predetermine the sex of children would have dire social consequences: the preference for boys is so strong that the rough equilibrium in births of boys and girls would be upset, leaving millions of males who could never find mates. These articles brought Etzioni an invitation to an international conference on the problems and ethics of genetics and resulted in his widely praised book *Genetic Fix*. Along the way, the Etzions had two more sons. His next project: a book on the problems of the nuclear family.

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## Those Designing Europeans

*Ars gratia artis*, art for art's sake, was a centuries-old plea in Europe. No longer. On the Continent today, art, architecture and craftsmanship are aimed at luring the consumer in addition to rewarding the creator. Reaching out from their venerable tradition of studio work, European designers, handling new materials and technologies, are raising the quality of life.

In the U.S. and most of Western Europe, for example, the fashionable look for the '75 woman is layered, long-skirted, booted and topped off with a cape; and much of it came together in

Now Europeans are adding that special sense of design not just to individual items but to whole "environments": the room that surrounds a piece of furniture, the factory where an automobile is built. The most successful practitioner of this design proliferation, as well as one of the Continent's most talented designers, is France's Pierre Cardin, that shrewd fantasist who has tacked his name on to just about anything that can be nailed, glued, baked, molded, bolted, braced, bottled, opened, shut, pushed or pulled. Says Cardin: "As I designed clothes, I found that I also had to think about the atmosphere in which to show them. That led me into designing my own boutiques, and from there it was only natural for me to expand my horizon." Italy's Gae Aulenti, who recently completed new designs for Fiat showrooms round the world, agrees with Cardin's principle of atmosphere in design. She says, "Here the architect is concerned with everything that is in his building, from the walls to the furniture to the vase for the flowers. I can design everything from a spoon to a city. More and more we are coming to realize that design is not a means in itself but part of a concept, a system, that relates to other things."

**Cultural Schlock.** If there is a single line that divides the work of Europeans from that of U.S. designers, it is the matter of styling. "A lot of people at first thought that industrial design dealt with superficial aesthetical things, with shape," says Professor Herbert Lindinger of the Technical University of Hannover. "We European designers have been resentful of industrial strategies that have nothing to do with real needs, but with manipulated needs, and we are against the kind of styling that is merely an instrument to increase output and sales."

Not that Europeans themselves are in complete agreement as to what constitutes good design or what separates it from cultural schlock. How can modern designers improve on the Chippendale chair or Duncan Phyfe sofa? Yet West Germany's Lindinger has been "surprised and pleased" by some recent Italian furniture design, and sees the basic differences between designs in various European countries in terms of historical and social development. "In Germany as in Britain, we have had a century-long discussion of the social responsibility of the designer. Thus in Britain and Germany, you have an understated, cooled-off design at large factories. You have another kind of design in Italian and French factories—more emphasis on innovation and shape."

A roundup of some of Europe's prin-

cipal design centers, the men and women behind them, and their current thinking:

**GERMANY: BRAINS AND BRAUN.** In a nation still acutely aware of its Bauhaus tradition, the star designer of recent years is a 42-year-old former architect who did not study at the famous school or its successor institution at Ulm, but remains true to its discipline. He is Dieter Rams, design director of Braun AG and for 19 years the aesthetic overseer of its famous line of electrical and household products. Rams' creations almost automatically win design awards in competitions round the world, and the Braun toaster and radio are on permanent display in New York City's Museum of Modern Art. Though Braun products serve such relatively humble functions as grinding coffee, lighting cigarettes and playing records, Rams manages to infuse such disciplined *gute Form* into all that they nearly become works of art. His first radio-phonograph, a simple oblong of wood and white plastic with fingertip controls and a clear Lucite cover, was nicknamed "Snow White's coffin"—and it made competing models look like the seven dwarfs.

Rams is a firm believer in the classic definition of good design: "Form follows function." "All things that are really needed have a clear, clean order," he says. "Think of an airplane cockpit or the design of an autobahn sign. This eye-striking orderliness has meaning, form, shape, size, color."

**DENMARK: NATURAL TEXTURE.** "A French artist once said that the Scandinavians had developed a 'metaphysics of the fork,'" remarks Jens Nielsen, chief designer of the Danish State Railway. "We are very much home dwellers, and we have worked out a philosophy of relations with our surroundings." In fact, as the rest of the world has learned since World War II, the metaphysics went far beyond forks to include home furnishings of practically every variety. Based on traditional Danish craftwork, these designs are especially valued for their celebration of natural texture: the finely grained look of oiled teak or the nubby feel of rough-woven linen.

The quintessential Danish master is the founder of Dansk, Jens Quistgaard, 55, who still does the original designs for products that are now turned out in factories from Sweden to Japan. He regards the designer's job as one of almost Rousseau-like simplicity. "I believe that as much of nature as possible should be brought into your nest," says Quistgaard. "You should have as much around you as you can to remind you of good craftsmanship."

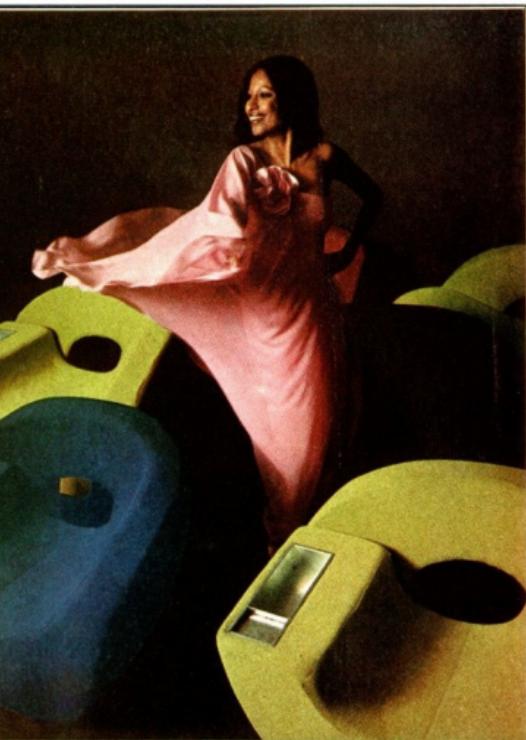
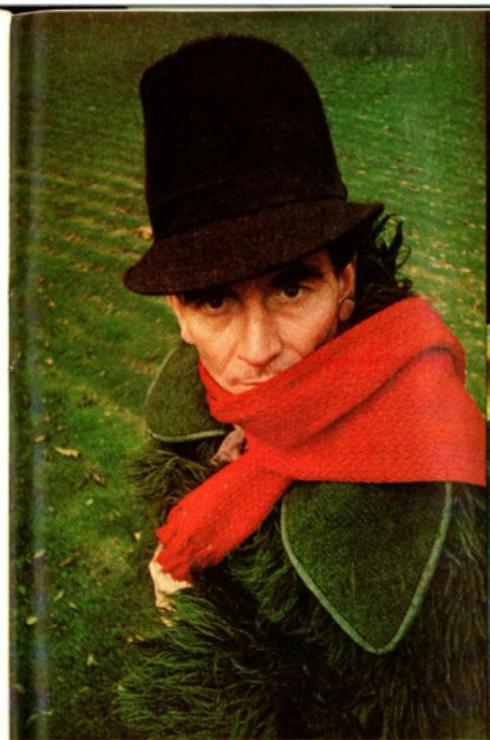
Another of the country's leading de-



HAUTE COUTURE MODEL IN PARIS  
Less becomes more.

the drawing rooms of Paris and Rome couturiers. The soft-goods departments in stores from Tokyo to Beirut are beginning to look less like hospital wards than fashion salons, with towels by Pierre Cardin, sheets by Saint Laurent and table linens by Finland's Marimekko.

**Best Practitioners.** In short, a good part of the world now recognizes that Western European designers are the very best practitioners of the art. Today's tableware from Scandinavia, watches from Switzerland, furniture and automobiles from Italy and clothing from France are, in the opinion of many authorities, the pre-eminent and handsomest products in their fields (see color pages).



Pierre Cardin models own hat, coat and scarf.  
His other designs include evening dress and futuristic  
furniture (above right) and après-ski boots.

EDDIE ADAMS



*Counterclockwise from top left: Four of Italy's leading designers repose on their Dada-like furniture; Milan's Ettore Sottsass Jr. with designs; Milan Architect Gae Aulenti in her combined office-home; Industrial Designer Marco Zanuso (hairdryer in right hand) in Milan studio with household objects; Acton Bjørn of Denmark stands by his lightweight toilet seat.*

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BEN MARTIN, DAVID BURNETT—GAMMA, BURNETT, BURNETT, MICHAEL BOYD







Top: Italy's premier auto designer, Giorgetto Giugiaro, with a prototype in his plant near Turin. Bottom left: Dieter Rams, design director of Germany's Braun, with some of his award winners. Bottom right: Jens Quistgaard, founder of Copenhagen's Dansk Designs, with products.

TOP: MARTIN; BOTTOM LEFT: DMITRI KESSEL; BOTTOM RIGHT: BOYS



## MODERN LIVING

signers currently is Acton Björn, 64, who heads his own firm and has designed such non-hauteur items as a beer bottle for the Moutte Cordonnier brewery in France, an electric iron for General Electric, even a special lightweight toilet seat for use in hospitals throughout Scandinavia.

**ITALY: CARS AND KITCHEN SCALES.** The professional automotive designer probably commands higher status in Italy than anywhere else. The undisputed heir to the tradition of the late Pinin Farina and Nuccio Bertone is a prodigious creator named Giorgietto Giugiaro, the son of a church gilder. Giugiaro went to work for Fiat at 17 and designed his first complete car, the Alfa 2000 Sprint, when he was only 21. At 36, the head of his own firm, Ital Design, Giugiaro has more than a score of auto designs in his gallery of achievements, including the new generation of post-bug Volkswagens, Ghia's classic De Tommaso Mangusta, the Fiat 850 Spider and a new South Korean car.

At Giugiaro's modern new plant in Moncalieri near Turin, 150 staffers design not only cars but also whole automotive plants, one more sign that designers increasingly think in aggregate rather than discrete terms. For the new South Korean car, Ital Design technicians prepared plans for an assembly line, machinery, tools and parts down to nuts and bolts, complete with precise calculations of the cost. Explaining this fascination with integrating design and production, Giugiaro says, "By the time I visualize the lines of a car door, say, I already know what it will cost to manufacture in terms of man-hours."

That philosophy would probably not be disputed by Ettore Sottsass Jr., 57, one of Italy's most versatile industrial designers. Best known for his revolutionary design of Olivetti's Valentine typewriter in 1969, the ruffled, droop-mustachioed Sottsass still devotes most of his time to that company's office systems and machinery but also creates ceramics and glassware for other European clients.

A wide variety of useful products has come from the drafting board of Marco Zanuso, including hairdryers, radios and kitchen scales.

**FRANCE: TOUJOURS COUTURE.** France has produced first-rank individual designers, some of whom created their most notable work abroad. Raymond Loewy, at 81 the dean of French designers, has lived for more than 50 years in the U.S., where he has produced hundreds of ideas, including the classic "double-fronted" 1953 Studebaker, the new Exxon corporate logo and the living quarters for NASA's Skylab. Next year the Smithsonian Institution will honor Loewy's work with a retrospective exhibition that will eventually be seen in Moscow as well.

Loewy's emphasis on design's com-

mercial and industrial responsibilities is shared by Roger Tallon, 45, whose projects have included the striking new Mexico City subway system. "For me, design is a pipe that does not leak, a bottle top that closes and does not break," says Tallon. "If a designer is not considered an engineer, then this profession has no future." Among his current contracts are designs for new subways in Paris and digital watches for Lip.

French furniture design is dominated by Marc Held, 44, who claims the all but unique accomplishment of having created distinctive products for both the top and bottom of the line. In 1970 Knoll International, the firm that introduced the classic Saarinen "tulip" chair among many other designs, offered the new Held chair, a combination swivel-rocking chair made of leather-covered fiber glass with a rounded base.

Despite the growth of general design, French fashion designers are still lionized. None has enjoyed a more sustained success than Yves Saint Laurent, 38, the boy wonder who blazed onto the *haute couture* scene at 21 and has stayed at the top ever since. With 80 boutiques round the world selling men's and women's clothing and a wide range of accessories, Saint Laurent rings up sales of \$8 million in women's ready-to-wear alone. He has dabbled in towel and sheet designs because they "are like designing scarves," but, unlike Cardin, has declined to venture farther afield of fashion.

In Paris this year, the spring-summer *haute couture* collections emphasize an elegant simplicity, feminine and slender. Gone is the "tent," except as a thin summer coat, tightly belted. Dresses are either close-fitting sheaths and tubes—as at Saint Laurent, who showed the skinniest of all, faintly reminiscent of the long T shirts popular a while back in ready-to-wear—or fairly full skirted with waists clearly marked by tucks and belts, as Givenchy does them. Suits emphasize the midriff too, with slim skirts, or skirts tucked to the hipbone, worn with jackets that skim the body closely. Jersey, flannel and gabardine are daytime favorites, with the emphasis on navy, white and variations on tones of beige; and the dressier clothes lean to muslins, chiffons and thin crepes in soft prints, like Dior's pointillist patterns, blurring from color to color to color.

What makes European design so successful? Is it because, as Italy's Giugiaro modestly claims, "the level of taste is higher in Europe than anywhere

else in the world"? Perhaps, though many Europeans concede that in some other realms involving taste on an even more rarefied level—painting, for example—the center of action has left Europe for the U.S. or elsewhere. Indeed, though most new cultural trends begin in the U.S., Europeans say, they need filtering through the Continental sense of style before becoming internationally acclaimed.

Europe's designers are also among the most ardent believers in the necessity of conserving basic materials, both natural and man-made. Says Britain's Martin Roberts, chief industrial designer for the successful chain of Habitat stores, which offer tasteful, basic home furnishings: "With the world as it is now, we have to restrain ourselves. We have to design to price and to process. People are going to want things that do the job well and last and look good all at the same time." In a way, it would all sound a bit familiar to the late Mies van der Rohe. Less, with the increasing awareness of good design, will become more.



BRAUN'S TOASTER



MARC HELD'S CHAIR



OLIVETTI'S VALENTINE TYPEWRITER



TALLON'S ALUMINUM STAIRCASE

Natural Gas doesn't  
have to give up smoking.



It never did.

Natural gas is naturally clean, with no smoke and virtually no emissions. According to the Council on Environmental Quality, natural gas is our cleanest fossil fuel. Clean energy is what we all need. The gas industry is working on many ways to get more.

Use gas wisely. It's clean energy for today and tomorrow.

## Retreat from Integration

To civil rights advocates, the decision of the New York State Board of Regents came as a bitter surprise. Once in the forefront of the drive for school desegregation, the board announced recently that it will no longer consider the racial balance in enrollment to determine if a school is in compliance with state integration laws. Instead, the regents will henceforth require New York schools only to make a "serious effort" to desegregate. The decision, black Regent Kenneth Clark said bluntly, was "a tragic retreat."

Such retreats have become almost

ing next fall. Last summer the U.S. Supreme Court overturned a Detroit plan to merge the city and suburban schools, and ordered the school board to come up with another plan.

Even court orders do not bring rapid integration. Although San Francisco schools have been under court order to desegregate since 1971, 43 of the city's 96 elementary schools have still not met the court's standards. Another California court ordered the Los Angeles schools to desegregate five years ago, but the issue has been under appeal ever since. Says School Board Member Georgina Hardy: "Basically, there's no real desire on the part of anyone—black,

relatively small numbers of students and would not significantly change the racial balance of Boston-area schools.

The North's desegregation record is not universally bad. Berkeley, Calif., voluntarily desegregated its schools in 1968 and combined massive changes in the curriculum with large-scale busing. Last year more than 26,000 of Denver's 78,300 pupils changed schools under a court desegregation order; there were some demonstrations at first, but the schools are now peaceful.

While the court battles continue in many cities, there is still debate about the academic effects of desegregation in city schools. Recently, for example, the results of a two-year study in Philadelphia showed that both black and white elementary school pupils learned more in integrated classrooms. When black youngsters reached junior high school, however, they learned more when the majority of their classmates were black. John Coleman, president of Haverford College and chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, which financed the research, believes that the study has "the potential to shake up the entire educational establishment." At the very least, it could provide a new rationale for those who want to hasten the retreat from integration.

## Economics at Harvard

Harvard University's economics department has some 60 able faculty members, including two Nobel prizewinners and the ubiquitous John Kenneth Galbraith and John Dunlop, who is due to be named Secretary of Labor. This array of talent alone should make the department second to none. Apparently that is not the case. One of the Nobel laureate economics professors, Russian-born Wassily Leontief, 68, has announced that, after 44 years on the faculty, he will resign from Harvard this summer to teach at New York University. His reasons for departing: the department's curriculum is "too narrow" and theoretical, and the senior faculty has lost touch with the students.

Leontief's detractors within the department were quick to point out that he may be leaving simply because he is approaching the mandatory retirement age of 70 and because N.Y.U. offered him more money. But other economics professors, including Fellow Nobel Winner Kenneth Arrow (who almost left for Stanford last year) and Galbraith (who plans to retire this summer), agree with Leontief that the department must broaden its view of contemporary problems. Indeed, Galbraith has noted "the obsolescence of neoclassical economic theory," the foundation of the department's curriculum. Some faculty members and graduate students also insist



TEACHER READING STORY TO PREDOMINANTLY WHITE CLASS IN BOSTON SUBURB

In the North, little public demand for desegregation.

commonplace in the North. While only 25% of black pupils in the South are still attending largely black schools, the percentage in the North is still 49%. The movement for Northern school desegregation has become mired down somewhere between interminable court delays in Los Angeles, uneasy anticipation in Detroit and outright racial violence in Boston. In most large Northern cities, it seems, the pressure for desegregation has been significantly relaxed.

In Detroit, for example, Claud Young, head of the Michigan chapter of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, wants the \$200,000 earmarked by the school board for busing plans to be used instead to improve the schools, particularly in the area of vocational training. Young also opposes busing on the pragmatic ground that the reaction would make South Boston "look like a warmup." Still, Detroit, which has a 70% black enrollment, may face bus-

white or Chicano—to move from their schools."

The drive for desegregation has also come virtually to a stop in Chicago, where the school enrollment is already 70% minority. Chicago school officials are reluctant to do anything that will make the remaining whites move away, and many blacks support their inaction.

**One-Way Busing.** In Boston's bitter school battle, 16 different proposals have so far been submitted in response to U.S. District Court Judge W. Arthur Garrity's order for citywide desegregation next fall. The plan that has the most substantial support would require suburbs with declining enrollments and empty school seats to take students from Boston. Such a plan—involving voluntary, one-way busing—was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature last month; it has the backing of new Governor Michael Dukakis and Boston Mayor Kevin White. It would involve



**NOBEL WINNER WASSILY LEONTIEF**  
*Too narrow a curriculum*

that the department ignores such real problems as economic development in the Third World and in agriculture while emphasizing mathematical approaches to economic theories.

Leontief, who developed the input-output formula that helps economists determine how changes in one sector of the economy affect other sectors, has other complaints about the department. He is bitter that it did not broaden its scope by granting tenure to four radical economists in the past few years (three subsequently left) or by hiring the woman who assisted him in developing applications for his formula, Brandeis Professor Anne Carter.

**Hostile and Distrusting.** Not all of the criticism comes from within the economics department. Last April a visiting committee of Harvard overseers (trustees) headed by Andrew Brimmer, then a governor of the Federal Reserve Board, reported that the graduate economics curriculum was "greatly in need of reformation" and that its first-year required graduate course was "disgraceful." The overseers found the senior faculty "inaccessible and unapproachable, seeing only the few students who gain access to their empires," while a "hostile and distrusting" relationship festered between students and faculty.

Economics Department Chairman James Duesenberry, formerly a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, withheld the overseers' report from the senior faculty for eight months. When the report's conclusions were published in the *Crimson*, the student paper, Duesenberry refused to comment except to say: "That is the way I run my show." At Harvard, where the administration is reluctant to intervene in departmental affairs, Duesenberry will probably have the last word.

## Will Douglas Quit?

On Monday morning, Jan. 6, less than a week after William O. Douglas had suffered a stroke, the eight other Justices met sadly in the Supreme Court building. Personal reactions aside, they were faced with serious problems posed by Douglas' absence. The Justices decided to delay hearing arguments on five cases. Each one was picked not so much for its importance, but because without Douglas the others feared a tie vote that would render high-court consideration meaningless; it would simply leave a lower-court decision in effect.

This week the court will begin hearing four of those cases instead of waiting for the senior Justice's return. The change in plans came when Douglas' colleagues learned that, although he is now on the "satisfactory" list at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, his recovery has been slower than expected. He will be off the bench until at least March, and perhaps a great deal longer.

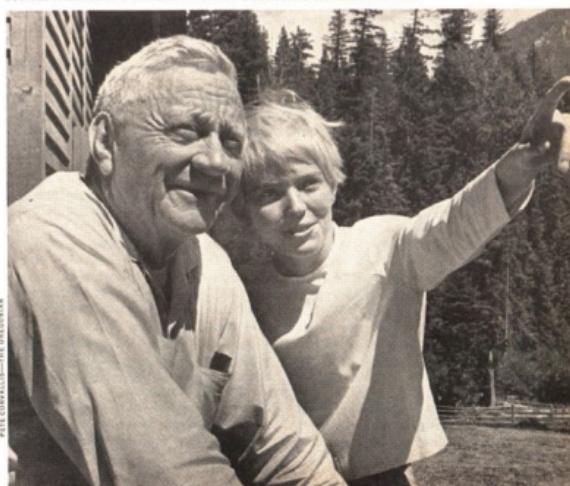
"It was decided to let the chips fall where they may," said a court expert. Tie votes "are not a good practice, but it's the best the court can do under the circumstances." In the past two weeks Douglas has been able to spend one to three hours a day with his secretary working on cases that were argued before he was hospitalized and on some routine new work. But he will not participate in any new cases for the time being. Nor will he handle all the hundreds of *in forma pauperis* petitions that many prisoners and indigents address personally to him—now often with the request that they be forwarded to the hospital.

Doctors believe that the stroke did not affect Douglas' intellect. His vision, temporarily impaired, is now back to normal, and he reads mail with his wife Cathleen, 31, brings daily. His speech is improving markedly, though there are still traces of slurring. A slight drooping of the left side of his face persists. His left arm has responded somewhat to whirlpool baths and manipulation therapy, but it is still not usable (Douglas is right-handed). Worse, his left leg shows few signs of response. TIME has learned that his physicians now think it possible that the great outdoorsman will never walk again.

**Iron Will.** Associates remember that in 1949, when his horse fell on him, crushing 23 of his 24 ribs, Douglas was undaunted: he was back on the bench six months later. In childhood he confounded doctors' expectations that his polio-stricken legs would forever be useless. In addition, Douglas knows that a Ford-nominated successor might well tip the court into pronounced conservatism, a result that would seem a disaster to the old liberal.

Nonetheless, the longest-sitting Justice in Supreme Court history is 76, and his physical handicaps are clearly greater than originally thought. The court is now prepared to settle in and operate without Douglas until he determines whether to return or retire. "I've known Douglas a long time," says one friend. "He's got an iron will and may never quit. But he's also very proud, and might find it difficult to carry on when he's obviously not the man he once was—when he can't walk onto the bench on his own power."

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS WITH HIS FOURTH WIFE CATHLEEN IN 1966



## Libertarian Lobby

More often than not, crusaders for causes try to rally support by gloom over the darkness of their situation. So why is this man smiling? Sitting in his pine-paneled office at the mid-Manhattan headquarters of the American Civil Liberties Union, Executive Director Aryeh Neier, 37, is saying happily these days, "This is the best single moment for civil liberties in the past dozen years." The statement may be impolitic, but Neier has a point.

Lately, the A.C.L.U. has been running up a remarkable record. When impeachment of Richard Nixon still seemed improbable, the organization was providing Congress and the public with extensive arguments for it. It successfully lobbied for strengthening the Freedom of Information Act and is behind a new law that will allow citizens to challenge most personal data in Government computers. The A.C.L.U. also has a major case on the rights of mental patients now before the Supreme Court. On top of all that, there is the \$12 million it won last month for 1,200 May Day antiwar demonstrators—the largest civil liberty damage award ever.

Last week volunteers and staffers were sorting through the 1,200 pieces of mail that have swamped the A.C.L.U. Washington office, seeking, in the words of one May Day participant, "a share of this delicious windfall." The A.C.L.U. is checking claims against a court computer list of those arrested at or near the Capitol on May 5, 1971. So far, 400 to 500 applicants appear to qualify.

**No Lawyer.** The shy overseer of all this success came to the A.C.L.U. from Hitler's Germany. Born in Berlin in 1937, Aryeh (Hebrew for lion and pronounced *Ar-eeyah*) Neier (rhymes with higher) was taken to London at the age of two to escape the Nazis; after the war, he moved with his family to New York City. Young Aryeh went through the city's public school system and on to Cornell, where he organized a speakers group that made a show of inviting a *Daily Worker* editor to lecture when the City College of New York refused to let him speak. After graduation, Neier worked for Socialist Norman Thomas, then succeeded him as director of the League for Industrial Democracy, a union lobbying group. From lobbying, he switched to editing *Current* magazine before joining the A.C.L.U. as a field-development officer in 1962.

Neier, who is not a lawyer, was picked to lead the A.C.L.U. in 1970, following a six-year stint as head of the New York affiliate. By then, the 55-year-old civil liberties group had already begun to move away from its strictly legal approach. In the past, the A.C.L.U. had generally entered a civil liberties case by filing a brief as *amicus curiae* (friend of the court). In 1968 the organization turned to more direct action; its attorneys served as defense lawyers in



AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR NEIER IN NEW YORK

"The best moment for civil liberties in the past dozen years."

the Spock conspiracy trial. In the face of internal disagreement, A.C.L.U. activists convinced colleagues that the new course was the only realistic response to a prosecution that attacked free speech.

Since then, Neier has taken that aggressive stance even further. "In the past," he says, "we spent most of our lobbying time trying to stop bad bills." Now there is also active prodding and proposing of new laws: Neier wrote his just-published book *Dossier* to "help quicken the movement" for legal curbs on both private and Government information gatherers. The chubby young executive director has also developed specialists who push for the rights of such groups as homosexuals, minors and servicemen—sometimes even before they organize in their own behalf.

Critics complain that the union has grown too cause-oriented. "The A.C.L.U. preserves its integrity when it sticks to fundamental civil liberties views," says sometime dissenting Board Member Alan Dershowitz. "I do not think the A.C.L.U. should be involved in movements. It should be there to protect victims of movements." One unresolved current debate illustrates the problem. A women's rights faction recommends making rape prosecutions easier, but that would inevitably collide with the traditional civil libertarian concern for the rights of defendants. Furthermore, the recent activism seems to reflect what even many members agree is an increasingly liberal tilt. In any case, dues-paying members appear to approve the new direction; the rolls have gone from 140,000 in 1970 to 275,000 currently.

Inflation, recession and a recent slowing of membership growth have forced "significant cuts in A.C.L.U. operations." But Neier remains optimistic and determined "to press awfully hard just to get what we can this year. We are not likely to have such a good shot for a long, long time." His uncommon confidence is only partly based on past

success. Neier believes that one central fact brightens the short-term prospect. Richard Nixon's resignation, says the organization's new annual report, shifts the balance in favor of civil liberties.

## Cop Carnage

"We're police officers," said Patrolman Frank Budgin sharply. "Come out with your hands up." Then Budgin pulled the right rear door of the taxi open. A single bullet ripped through his chest near his heart. Before he died, Budgin emptied his gun into the cab. So did his partner. When the shootout was over, Budgin's killer, who was a city housing policeman, also lay dying. The fight had no known motive, though the housing patrolman had been out on the town drinking. To shocked New Yorkers, last week's deaths were the latest in an unparalleled month of carnage for the city's cops. The New York City police fatality toll for 1975 is now four—as high as the total for all of 1974.

Throughout the nation, the FBI reports, 14 policemen have been killed so far this year, up four from the same period last year. Since 1961, when the FBI began totaling police slayings in the line of duty, the figures have gone up in almost every year—from 37 in '61 to 116, 134 and 132 in the past three years. Periodic rumors of an organized plot against cops have definitely been discounted by investigators.

The escalated hazards have prompted police to start stashing shotguns in squad cars, sometimes defying local department rules. One side effect is that jumpy officers may be shooting more civilians, though no national figures are kept on that problem. Burgeoning sales are reported for new lightweight bullet-resistant vest. There is renewed talk of the death penalty for cop killers. And many urban police chiefs believe more than ever that strict gun laws are an absolute necessity.

## Cancer Vaccine Quest

*Some day, the worst thing about cancer may be the shot you get to prevent it.*

Even before this somewhat over-optimistic statement appeared in an American Cancer Society ad, researchers were working to bring that day closer. In 1969 scientists succeeded in immunizing chickens against an avian-cancer virus. Now, two German researchers have gone even further by immunizing monkeys—which are several evolutionary steps closer to man—against a virus that causes cancer in primates. Their work raises hope that eventually similar vaccines can be developed for use in humans.

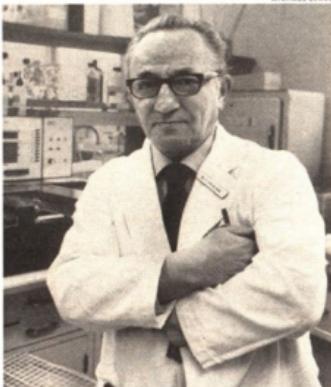
Professor Rainer Laufs and Dr.

Doctors have long suspected that viruses, submicroscopic packets of nucleic acids similar to the DNA found in chromosomes, play a role in human as well as animal cancers. Dr. Sol Spiegelman, director of the Institute of Cancer Research at New York Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center and one of the world's leading cancer virologists, points out that virus-like particles can be found in just about every human cancer. But proving that these particles cause the cancers has been more difficult. The cases against several suspect viruses have had to be dismissed for lack of scientific proof. There is largely statistical evidence against others—most notably herpes simplex Type I, responsible for cold sores, and herpes simplex Type II, which causes genital infections. Both

MICHAEL EVANS



COTTON-TOPPED MARMOSETS IN ZOO; VIROLOGIST SPIEGELMAN IN LAB  
Even before vaccines, a lifesaving payoff from viruses.



Hans Steinke conducted their experiments with cotton-topped marmosets, South American monkeys that are known to develop lymphoma, a cancer of the lymphatic system, when they are exposed to two viruses of the herpes family. The researchers reported in the British journal *Nature* that they inoculated 42 of the animals with a vaccine made from killed herpes saimiri viruses, then exposed some of the immunized animals and controls to live, cell-free viruses. Most of the non-immunized monkeys developed malignant lymphoma and died of the disease. The immunized animals remained healthy.

The work of the German researchers is also significant because it shows that killed viruses (which are far safer to use in a vaccine than live agents) apparently can be used to stimulate the monkeys' immune system into manufacturing antibodies against cancer viruses.

have been tentatively linked to a variety of cancers. Although the case against a virus isolated recently by Drs. Robert Gallo and Robert Gallagher of the National Cancer Institute is even stronger, further proof that it is in fact a human-cancer virus is still being sought.

Even if it is proved that viruses cause human cancer, cautions Spiegelman, it may be years before science can develop a safe, successful vaccine against them. But identification of cancer viruses is likely to produce a payoff long before vaccines become practical. Spiegelman believes that the presence of viral particles, which are unique to each type of cancer, may provide doctors with effective methods of detecting cancer in its earliest stages—well before it can be diagnosed by X rays and more conventional methods. That development by itself could save many of the Americans who die of cancer every year.

## CAPSULES

### Moral Obligation

Most medical authorities agree that it is unthinkable for a physician to withhold a proven remedy for a disease from his patients. But in 1972, the U.S. Public Health Service reluctantly admitted that it had done just that. In an effort to study the effects of syphilis on the human body, the PHS, in a Macon County, Ala., study, allowed 425 poor, uneducated black men who had the disease, and who were recruited through local clinics, to go untreated. The disclosure of the 40-year study stirred an immediate outcry (TIME, Aug. 7, 1972) and led to a \$1.8 billion suit against the Federal Government by lawyers representing both those who had survived and the families of those who had died during the study or had died since. Last week the Government acknowledged its moral obligation to those it had failed to treat. A federal judge in Montgomery approved a settlement that will benefit each unwitting participant in the ill-conceived study. Those who had syphilis and survived will receive \$37,500 each. Two hundred others who were included in the study as controls but did not have the disease will get \$15,000 if they are still alive; otherwise their estates will receive \$5,000. Nor will the men who died of the complications of syphilis or of other causes during the course of the study or since then be completely forgotten. Under the terms of the settlement, their estates will get \$15,000.

### Costly Contamination

By comparison with the great influenza epidemics, the plague that hit Minnesota recently was a trivial affair. One hundred and twenty-five people were stricken with nausea and diarrhea after eating in a local restaurant. No one died in the outbreak, but about 50 were sufficiently sick to consult physicians, eleven were afflicted seriously enough to require hospitalization, and many were bedridden for one or more days. Normally, such an outbreak, which was traced to *Salmonella* bacteria, receives little attention from health authorities. But researchers from the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta and the Minnesota Department of Health studied this one to get an idea of its economic impact. They found that it was expensive indeed. Those who went to the hospital spent \$2,965. The restaurant owner lost an estimated \$5,000 worth of business as a result, and the investigation cost \$2,355. The biggest loss was in wages of those who missed work: \$18,413, which pushed the cost of even this mini-epidemic to \$28,733.



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## Strange Boardfellows

THE WORLD OF CHESS

by ANTHONY SAIDY and NORMAN LESSING  
247 pages. Ridge Press/Random House.  
\$17.95.

HOW TO BEAT BOBBY FISCHER

by EDMAR MEDNIS  
282 pages. Quadrangle. \$10.

IDLE PASSION

by ALEXANDER COCKBURN  
248 pages. Village Voice/Simon & Schuster. \$7.95.

Remember Fischer fever? Mild nausea, mottled fury, odd sensations of Russophilia, night sweats about poisoned pawns. Get set for a new and more severe epidemic. In 1972 the delirium was nourished by a prize fund of \$250,000, twelve times greater than any previous chess purse. In 1975 the provender is grotesquely more substantial. Bobby Fischer and Anatoly Karpov, the 23-year-old Russian challenger for the World Chess Championship, have been invited by the Philippine Islands to meet in Manila on June 1 and push little wooden soldiers round a checkered board for the second largest stakes in the history of sport—\$5 million.

The mere possibility of the match has reinduced Fischer fever in the U.S. publishing industry, which is currently flogging 15 new books about chess. Most of them are strictly for the professionals, but a few can be warmly recommended.

**Misspent Youth.** *The World of Chess*, by International Master Anthony Saidy and Senior Master Norman Lessing, is the handsomest and most informative chess picture book ever produced. Its illustrations include Persian paintings, medieval manuscripts, 18th century court scenes, 20th century abstractions, a few sly cartoons and some arresting photographs of the strange cold men who become grand masters.

In the text, Saidy has provided some moving excerpts from his diary of a fumbled tournament that cost him a grand master's rating. Lessing has wittily recalled a misspent youth in one of Manhattan's less salubrious chess- and coffeehouses. The authors have also taken care to make the historical sections pert and amusing. "Can you forgive me this indiscretion?" Benjamin Franklin writes to a wealthy Frenchwoman. "Never hereafter shall I consent to begin a game [of chess] in your bathroom."

Senior Master Edmar Mednis' *How to Beat Bobby Fischer* is a detailed anatomical study of an Achilles' heel. The Achilles is Fischer, the winningest chess master in history; of the 576 games he has played since he became U.S. champion at the incredible age of 14, he has won 327 and drawn 188. But even Fischer

occasionally loses; in the past 16 years he has booted 61 games. To whom? At what age? Was he playing white or black? Did he blunder? Was he outgeneraled? Do any patterns of weakness appear? In the most intriguing chess manual of the year, Mednis ransacks all 61 games for evidence as to how the great man might just possibly be beaten.

*Idle Passion* is an intelligent amateur's attempt to examine, with the wan headlamp of Freudian ideology, what Vladimir Nabokov calls "the full horror, the abyssal depths of chess." Author Alexander Cockburn is a graceful writer and reads plausibly enough when he says that chess is a "symbolic repetition" of the "family romance" in which the pieces "represent . . . the Oedipal situation." Meaning that the king is the father and the queen is the mother. But what's this about the king also being "the boy's penis in the phallic stage?" Cockburn explains gravely that the "tense etiquette" of chess, which forbids a player to touch his own pieces except to make a move and enforces a rigid "taboo against touching the opponent's pieces," is actually a way of guarding against "masturbation" or a possible "homosexual overture."

Warming to his subject, Cockburn further asserts that the game is a device for the release of still more "cruel instincts and vile desires." He recalls a fetching legend about a sadistic king of Babylon known as Evil Merodach, who "chopped up the body of his father Nebuchadnezzar into three hundred pieces and threw them to three hundred vultures." Chess, the legend continues, was invented to cure Merodach's madness.

YOUNG CHESS PLAYER PONDERS MOVE AT MANHATTAN TOURNAMENT



Cockburn agrees. With supporting quotes from Freud's biographer, Ernest Jones, and from Reuben Fine, an American grand master who became a Freudian analyst, the author argues that the hidden aim of the game is to "murder" the father with the help of the mother and so recapture "a state of lost omnipotence." Chess, Cockburn concludes with intense distaste, is a paranoid, "anal-sadistic . . . socially meaningless . . . dance of death" that for the habitual player becomes "a process of suicide."

**Seldom Sober.** As for the supreme masters of the game, Cockburn describes at least half of them as deranged men. Paul Morphy, he reminds us, was a paranoid fetishist who lived in deathly fear of poisoners and liked to stand ecstatically in a circle of women's shoes. Wilhelm Steinitz had a recurrent delusion that he was playing chess with God. Alexander Alekhine served as a police informer in the Soviet Union, wrote anti-Semitic tracts in Nazi Germany, was seldom seen sober and once urinated on the carpet in the middle of a well-attended chess exhibition.

Unfortunately, neither Cockburn nor the authors of *The World of Chess* have anything of interest to say about the greatest and weirdest grand master of them all. Cockburn has never met Fischer: his portrait is drawn largely from magazine clips. But Saidy is a lifelong friend of the champion's and in private speaks about him with rich insight. Regrettably, in his chapter on Fischer he has chosen to speak simperingly about how "great . . . worthy . . . true to his principles . . . misunderstood" Fisch-

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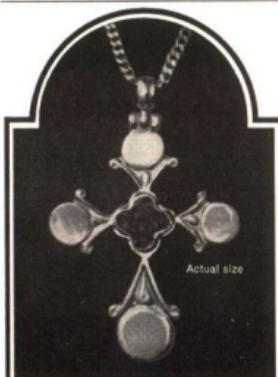
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### BOOKS

er is. He also urges the world to be "thankful" that Fischer plays chess.

If Fischer plays in 1975, chess lovers will surely be thankful; if he does not, the game will nevertheless survive—for reasons well expressed in a passage Cockburn quotes from Stefan Zweig's last story, *The Royal Game*: "Is it not an offensively narrow construction to call chess a game? Is it not a science too, a technique, an art, that sways among these categories as Mahomet's coffin does between heaven and earth, at once a union of all contradictory concepts: primeval, yet ever new; mechanical in operation, yet effective only through the imagination; bounded in geometric space, though boundless in its combinations; ever-developing, yet sterile; thought that leads to nothing; mathematics that produces no result; art without works; architecture without substance, and nevertheless... more lasting in its being and presence than all books and achievements; the only game that belongs to all people and all ages... to slay boredom, to sharpen the senses, to exhilarate the spirit."

■ Brad Darrach

### Ring Around the Collar

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS

by JOHN UPDIKE

228 pages. Knopf. \$6.95.

After years of dutifully ministering to his flock, the Rev. Thomas Marshfield, 41, begins fleecing the ewes. When his trysts with the church organist and other assorted supplicants are exposed, Marshfield is shipped West for a month's rest to a desert spa for troubled clergymen. The regimen is ecumenical. There is golf in the afternoon, poker at night and daiquiris whenever. Mornings are spent alone at an obligatory typewriter, where orgies of therapeutic confession are the order of the day.

As his 31-day story reveals, Marshfield is a stock character from Updike's central casting. He snorts at liberal Protestantism and pumps for devotion inspired by awe and terror ("Mop up split religion! Let us have it in its original stony jars or not at all!"). At the same time he pushes graphic, adulterous sex as suburbia's best anodyne; coupling is sweetest with the ashen taste of sin. He sees women chiefly as attractive hurdles in the heavenly sweepstakes, where all the runners are male.

To perk up this familiar rehash, Updike gives his clergyman a bag of Nabokovian wordplay and tries to pass him off as Humbert Humbert (in *Lolita*, Humbert observed, "You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style"). Marshfield rattles off alterations as if he were on death row. He describes a local nursery "which picturesquely kept its Puerto Rican peony-pluckers in a state of purposeful penance." With nary a blush he writes of returning home to the "fusty forgiveness of my fanlighted foyer." His frequent dissec-



NOVELIST JOHN UPDIKE  
Sin's sweet ashes.

tions of sex and theology revolve around a central question: How many matrons can dance on the head of a pun? "More power to the peephole!" the Rev. Marshfield exults after describing a session of spying on his curate and his mistress of the moment.

Before long, Marshfield's worst problem seems to be a case of terminal cuteness. Unlike Humbert, he is not facing a murder trial. He is passing through a clerical dude ranch, free to resume his pallid philandering as soon as he leaves.

Updike is too talented to write undistinguished fiction, and *A Month of Sundays* contains more than its share of finely wrought *aperçus*: "In the end, fashion overcomes personality; all the mistresses of Louis XV look alike." Marshfield's sermons (he writes one each Sunday of his stay) are sly pastiches of biblical scholarship and sophistry. Few writers can be as entertainingly cerebral as Updike. Yet after nearly two decades of distinguished service as the thinking man's John O'Hara, Updike seems to have reported everything he knows about the sexually tormented middle class. The ground covered in *A Month of Sundays* is fast becoming scorched earth.

■ Paul Gray

### Caged Condor

CONVERSATION IN THE CATHEDRAL

by MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

Translated by GREGORY RABASSA  
601 pages. Harper & Row. \$12.50.

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7,000	385	321	275	241	214	193	175	161	148	138	128	120	113	107	101	98
8,000	440	367	314	275	244	220	200	183	169	157	147	138	129	122	116	113
9,000	495	413	354	309	275	248	225	206	190	177	165	155	146	138	130	127
10,000	550	458	393	344	306	275	250	229	212	196	183	172	162	153	145	141
11,000	605	504	432	378	336	303	275	252	233	216	202	189	178	168	159	155
12,000	660	550	471	413	367	330	300	275	254	236	220	206	194	183	174	169
13,000	715	594	510	447	397	358	325	298	275	255	238	223	210	199	188	183
14,000	770	644	550	481	428	385	350	321	296	275	257	241	227	214	202	197
15,000	825	688	589	515	458	413	375	344	317	295	275	258	243	229	217	212
20,000	1100	919	787	688	611	550	500	458	423	393	367	344	323	306	289	282
25,000	1375	1144	985	858	765	688	625	572	529	491	458	430	404	382	362	353
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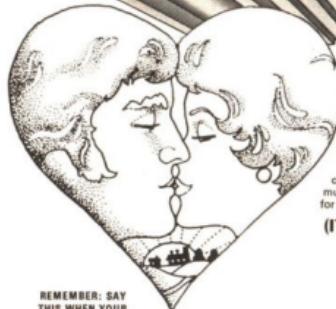


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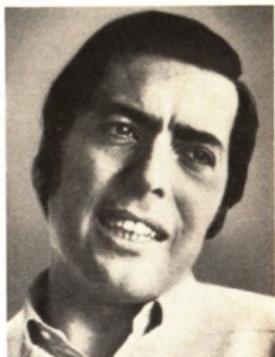
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## BOOKS



MARIO VARGAS LLOSA

Determinist vortex.

and South America, writers still seem willing to tackle the long, complex novel of politics, society and class. Open to most literary influences and rarely shy about blending them, Latin American authors frequently give the impression that they are catering a novel rather than composing one. There are exceptions. Argentina's Jorge Luis Borges, for example, builds exquisite doll houses from bits of literary history, fantasy and skeptical philosophy. He has become, not surprisingly, one of the major influences on contemporary U.S. fiction. But the Latin appetite for the big bite has in recent years produced one unquestionable masterpiece: in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Colombia's Gabriel García Márquez completely and gloriously occupied his mythical territory of Macondo, a tropical Yonkapatawpha.

**Brutal Naturalism.** If García Márquez is Latin America's Faulkner, Peru's Mario Vargas Llosa is aesthetically, if not stylistically, its Dreiser. His first novel, *The City of the Dogs*, was a brutal slab of naturalism about life and violent death at a Peruvian military school for problem youth—a place not unlike the institution Vargas Llosa attended in the early 1950s. Officials at the school ensured the author a wide readership and international attention by publicly burning 1,000 copies of his book.

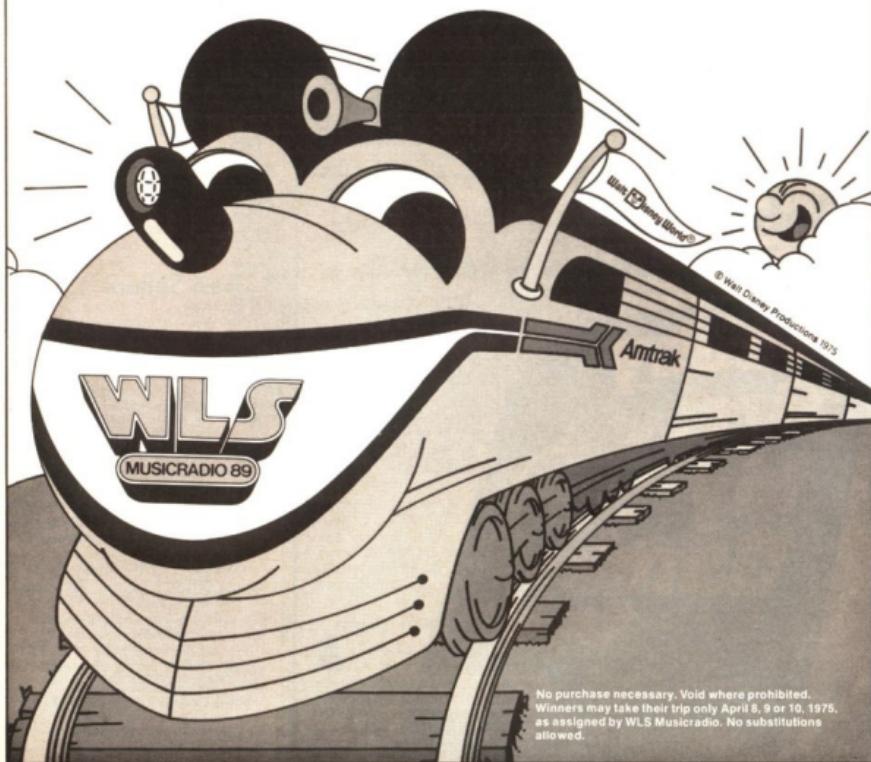
Vargas Llosa's second novel, *The Green House*, was respectfully roasted by some critics for its chaotic form, thematic dead ends and lock-step fatalism. There remained, however, the author's undeniable ability to generate powerful atmospheres within his remorseless, self-imposed boundaries.

The same judgments apply to *Conversation in the Cathedral*, a long, layered tale about indolence, greed, violence, corruption, sexual perversion and general animal cunning in modern Peru. The novel is a vortex of determinism driven by one central question: "At what

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### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

- 1—Centennial, Michener (2 last week)
- 2—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (1)
- 3—Something Happened, Heller (3)
- 4—The Ebony Tower, Fowles (6)
- 5—Lady, Tryon (4)
- 6—The Pirates Robbins (5)
- 7—Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, Conrad (7)
- 8—Harlequin, West (8)
- 9—The Dogs of War, Forsyth (9)
- 10—Black Sunday, Harris

#### NONFICTION

- 1—Strictly Speaking, Newman (1)
- 2—The Palace Guard, Rather & Gates (2)
- 3—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (3)
- 4—All Things Bright and Beautiful, Herriot (4)
- 5—Tales of Power, Castaneda (5)
- 6—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (7)
- 7—The Ultra Secret, Winterbotham (6)
- 8—A Bridge Too Far, Ryan (8)
- 9—Superhigh, Mastri (9)
- 10—The Memory Book, Lorayne & Lucas (10)

precise moment," asks the leading character, "had Peru — itself up?"

The answer is not forthcoming, but the question pervades everything and everyone as surely as Lima's chilly mists. The book is a chronicle of botched hopes and personal failures. The government sinks in corruption and ineptitude. Idealistic university students stumble over their ignorance and lack of discipline. A servant girl's brief moment of romance leads to jungle rot and death in childbirth. Cynical political hacks are failed Communists and newspapermen are often failed poets who have difficulty with the fundamentals of news writing. "You have to start with the dead people, young man," advises one helpful editor. The novel's title does not refer to the church, which the author oddly does not deal with, but to a Lima bar and brothel called the Cathedral.

Vargas Llosa, who now lives in Spain, has two principal responses to this mess. There is the bitter disillusionment of his leading character, Santiago Zavala, a rich politician's son who rejects the easy life to take a grubby, low-paying job on a Lima newspaper. Secondly, there is the mindless acceptance of a dog-eat-dog world as characterized by Ambrosio, a knock-about torpedo who had been the elder Zavala's chauffeur, bodyguard and occasional bit of rough trade.

This bleak, narrow vision becomes a strain in a book whose epigraph is Balzac's expansive statement that "the novel is the private history of nations." It also keeps Vargas Llosa's obviously large, fierce talent caged like the condors at the Lima zoo. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

## The Panovs at Last

For years Valery Panov was the premier dancer in Russia. His wife Galina was a ballerina of exhilarating potential. Then, in March of 1972, Panov, who is a Jew, and Galina, who is not, applied for permission to emigrate to Israel. Refusal was accompanied by stunning repercussions: Panov's dismissal from Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, his wife's ignominious demotion, and subsequent denial of the couple's right to dance at all.

Life became a minute-by-minute ordeal of persecution, torture and imprisonment that stirred world indignation. In the many months that followed, the Panovs emerged as a symbol of oppressed Soviet Jewry. Last summer, finally allowed to enter Israel, they began the delicate process of recovering their art.

Last week in Philadelphia, the Panovs presented their visiting card to the Western Hemisphere. Dance buffs looked forward to the couple's debut with foreboding as well as anticipation. Two years' enforced idleness could have seriously impaired 25-year-old Galina's abilities. For Valery, 36, it might have meant physical deterioration. The big question was: Can the Panovs still dance well? The answer was a resounding yes.

They got off to a shaky start. As an arena for hockey games and rock concerts, Philadelphia's 19,500-seat Spectrum is attractive and ample. As a setting for a ballet performance, it provided a frenzy of flashing lights, hissing loudspeakers and cloudbursts of balloons that resembled nothing quite so much as Busby Berkeley's lampoon of a dancer's nightmare.

At one end of the auditorium, the Panovs performed on a small, bare platform. The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra played on a raised stage behind them, causing Conductor Robert Zeller to cast uneasy glances across his shoulder to check music-dance synchronization. Temporarily blinded by a megawatt supertrooper rock-show spotlight, Galina lost sight of her husband and missed a lift during the grand pas de deux from *The Nutcracker*. "Where are you, Valery?" I cried to myself, she said later. However, in *The Lady and the Hooligan*, a Shostakovich ballet, Galina's feathery pirouettes and Panov's dramatic aerial twists and one-knee landings were expressed in sharp balletic syntax.

Their dancing continued to gain in strength and grace. By the time they ar-

rived at the showy display of Riccardo Drigo's *Harlequinade*, Panov's springy jetés and Galina's whirlwind fouettés (whipping one-leg turns) were evidence enough that for them the two years had been stopped time, not lost time.

Right now Galina is overshadowed by her husband's mature artistry. It was Panov the dancing actor rather than Panov the spectacular technician who stole the evening. As Petrouchka in Stravinsky's tragicomedy celebrating the Russian Punch, Panov combined Chaplinesque humor with a mime's mastery of the mysterious language of

album in twelve years, he retains his cozy, cheerful style; yet his songs dig deeper. *Laughter in the Rain* is already a hit, and *Solitaire* and *Standing on the Inside* have high musical polish.

**Arthur, Hurley & Gottlieb:** *Sunlight Shinin'* (A & M). This is the second album of a trio whose voices ring strong and bright against vivid instrumentation. Lead Vocalist Jeff Arthur, a Florida orange-juice tenor, wrote all or part of six cuts, including the tender ballad *That's the Time I Miss You Most of All*. A blowsy sweet country rocker, *Tubin'*, shows skillful commercial production.

**Linda Ronstadt:** *Heart Like a Wheel* (Capitol). Ronstadt sheds her foxy Barbie doll image for an assertive straightforward approach that displays her vocal diversity. Besides Ronstadt's smash single *You're No Good*, cuts include the title song by the talented Anna McGarrigle, and Paul Anka's *It Doesn't Matter Anymore*.

**Bob Dylan:** *Blood on the Tracks* (Columbia). Inconsistency remains the chief characteristic of recent Dylan albums. After a while prolific artists canibalize their own work: *You're a Big Girl Now* is a lesser *Just Like a Woman*. From a working poet, a line like "They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn" is a dismal cliché. There are irresistible moments, however, like *Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts*—a narrative gem about girls, guys, gambling and jealous love. Overall, longtime fans will approve of Dylan's return to an older, sparser folk style.

**Phoebe Snow** (Shelter). "Sometimes these hands get so clumsy that I drop things and people laugh. Sometimes these hands seem so graceful I can see them signin' autographs." Reality and fantasy blend nicely in this graceful, never clumsy debut album. Phoebe's original lyrics are as plain as morning bread, but her alto voice is jazzy. Jazz Notables Teddy Wilson (piano) and Zoot Sims (saxophone) join the diversified goings on.

**Henry Gross:** *Plug Me Into Something* (A & M). An alumnus of the Sha Na Na, Gross gathers a few of his friends including Terry Cashman, Tommy West and even his pet Irish setter for a high-voltage round of rural rock. Never mind the occasional barks. The infectious beat of *Dixie Spider Man* and some fancy guitar acrobatics on *The Driver's Engine*—an electrified country breakdown—are well worth plugging into.



THE PANOV'S PERFORMING THE NUTCRACKER PAS DE DEUX  
Strength and grace in sharp balletic syntax.

silence. A floppy puppet holding his heart and crying real tears, Panov shrugged his shoulders and, with a spineless collapse, fell to the floor in a human puddle. In that single movement he captured all the joy and anguish of the universal clown.

■ John Downs

## Pick of the Pops

**Neil Sedaka:** *Sedaka's Back* (Rocket). As an early '60s teen-age idol of prom crowds in strapless formals and ducktail haircuts, Sedaka wrote more than 75 top ten hits. Then the Beatles squeezed out shooby-doo, and Sedaka slipped into obscurity. In his first U.S.

## SCIENCE

### A Doughnut for Power

A long step was taken last week toward the still-distant goal of providing the U.S. with a virtually limitless source of energy. In Washington, the new Energy Research and Development Administration issued a draft "environmental statement" detailing the environmental impact of a large, advanced fusion test reactor. ERDA's action made it clear that the U.S. is determined to harness nuclear fusion, the process that fires the sun and gives H-bombs their awesome power. If all goes well, the \$215 million test reactor, to be built on the Forrestal campus of Princeton University, will go into operation in the early 1980s.

**Repulsive Charges.** To meet that deadline, U.S. scientists, starting with a technique devised in the Soviet Union, will have to develop an almost entirely new technology. Unlike nuclear fission—the splitting of a heavy atom into two lighter ones—fusion occurs when two light atoms collide and merge into a heavier one. The reaction releases considerably more energy than fission. Starting the chain reaction that causes fission (A-bomb) explosions and powers today's nuclear reactors is relatively easy; basically, all that is required is the bringing together of enough fissionable uranium or plutonium in the right shape. The neutrons emitted by these naturally radioactive elements then begin the self-sustaining chain reaction.

Fusion, on the other hand, requires extreme pressure and temperatures as high as 100 million degrees. Under these conditions, the nuclei of light atoms are energized (or speeded up) enough so that they can overcome their mutually repulsive electrical charges, collide and fuse. In the hydrogen bomb, the nec-

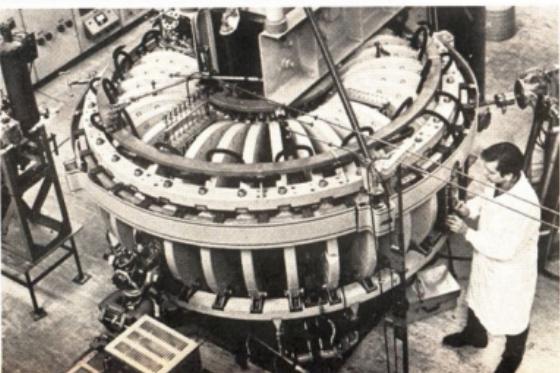
essary pressures and temperatures are produced by first setting off a fission explosion. Controlling and containing fusion will be vastly more difficult, but scientists believe that the Russian-invented Tokamak (for "Toroidal Kamera Magnetic") system can be developed into a practical and safe reactor.

Inside the Princeton doughnut-shaped Tokamak, deuterium and tritium (both isotopes, or different forms, of hydrogen) will serve as fusion fuel. In the form of a plasma (a high-temperature, ionized gas), the fuel will be suspended within powerful magnetic fields. Thus the gas will be supported by nothing but magnetic force and will be insulated from the steel walls of the reactor. If the plasma touched the wall, the wall would be heated, the plasma would be contaminated and its temperature lowered. The powerful magnetic fields will be manipulated to squeeze the plasma, raising its temperature and increasing the pressure upon it. The plasma will be made even hotter by an electric current generated inside it by another magnetic field and by a beam of deuterium atoms shot into it. These combined effects should raise temperature and pressure high enough in about a tenth of a second to begin fusion of the deuterium and tritium nuclei. The scientists' major goal: to come close to producing as much fusion energy during one of these periods as is used to power the Tokamak during the same time.

Once that has been done, ERDA officials hope to build more advanced experimental reactors, followed by a 500-megawatt demonstration power plant in the 1990s, and working fusion power plants that use only deuterium as a fuel by the end of the century. If that scenario can be successfully followed, the term "energy crisis" will become obsolete. There is enough deuterium in the world's oceans to fill mankind's energy needs for untold centuries to come.

\*Required by the National Environmental Policy Act before any federal construction project can be started.

EXPERIMENTAL TOKAMAK AT MOSCOW'S INSTITUTE OF ATOMIC ENERGY



FIREFLY GLOWING ON LEAF

### Fireflies Fatales

As conniving *femmes fatales*, Mata Hari and Delilah pale by comparison to female fireflies of the genus *Photuris*. Like other fireflies, these nocturnal, winged beetles send out short, rhythmic flashes of light as part of a special signal system that attracts males of the same species. The female *Photuris* practices a deadly variation of this ritual. It modifies its signal to mimic the flash pattern of different species of fireflies and thus lures unsuspecting males. Once they are in reach, the female devours them.

This odd bit of insect behavior was discovered by James E. Lloyd, an entomologist at the University of Florida in Gainesville. While studying fireflies on the ground or in low vegetation in the university's biological preserve at Gainesville, Lloyd watched male fireflies on the wing emitting light signals. These varied in number, rate and duration from one species to another, as did the responses of the females perched on shrubbery below. Using a pocket flashlight, Lloyd learned to imitate the signals of various species. He soon discovered that when he gave the mating flash of a male *Photinus*, a female *Photuris* sometimes responded. When Lloyd switched signals, flashing the mating pattern of a different male species, the versatile female *Photuris* often began to mimic the proper response for the female of that species. In fact, a female can mimic the signals of at least three different species.

**Locomotion Flashes.** Lloyd believes that the mimicry is not always perfect; male fireflies—apparently noting slight differences in the flashes and suspecting female wiles—are not always taken in by the ruse. But the female *Photuris* generally manages to lure, capture and swallow at least one male out of every ten for whom she sets her cap.

How did such mimicry evolve? Lloyd noted that the females' responses to certain *Photuris* males are similar to the flashes the females give off when they walk, land or take flight. Perhaps these "locomotion" flashes were gradually modified to attract males of different species. In any event, the *Photuris'* wide range of mimicry suggests to Lloyd that the lowly firefly has a more complex brain than entomologists ever suspected.

Photographed at Smiths Cove, Nova Scotia.



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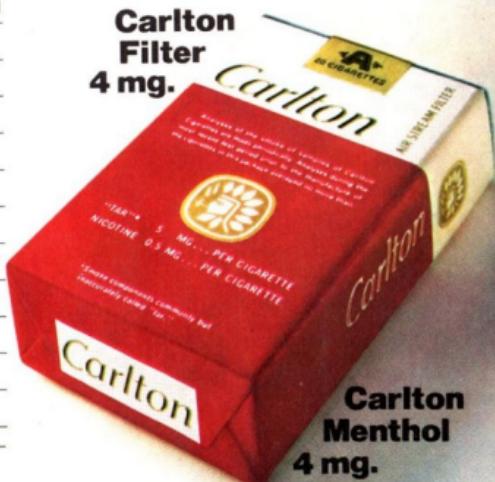
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